

The TATLER

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May 3, 1939



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The TATTLER

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT

A close-up snapshot of H.R.H. which was taken on the day she attended the Diamond Jubilee Appeal Day at Maidenhead to receive purses. The Duchess of Kent sets the world yet another new fashion in charming hats—which presumably will be followed as quickly by the smart world as have many of H.R.H.'s other attractive inspirations



A REUNION OF ASTAIRES IN IRELAND

Frank O'Brien

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire with Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish photographed on the day brother Fred and wife arrived at Lismore Castle from America to stay with sister Adèle and her husband at their home in County Waterford. It was a most affectionate reunion, for this brother and sister, whose joint invasion of London's musical comedy stage is so happily remembered, each thinks the other the top

THE optimism and unforced gaiety of Paris made a tremendous impression on at least one British visitor last week. The French are the only people who have not pined in this or any other crisis. No wonder our windy vacillations strike them as absurd and unfortunate; yet salutary, for they

argue that if England is alarmed for her safety she will make, as she has done, military service (why call it conscription?) *obligatoire*. While France sets the greatest store by the British Fleet she does not relish the *canard* that on land England will fight to the last Frenchman. But last week she was in hopeful mood, not flippant but, as Emerson wrote of England, "well remembering she has seen dark days before." The spirit of Paris is resolute; if war must come then this great people will meet it magnificently, but the atmosphere of the *interregnum* between Roosevelt and Hitler was optimistic, almost *couleur de rose*: no one could tell me why. The English filtered over gingerly; then when the Duke and Duchess of Kent gave a lead the Ritz was invaded overnight; its bars, the grill and even the more sedate Côte Vendome overflowed with any number of familiar faces—Lord and Lady Hardwicke; Lord Dufferin; the Suydam Cuttings of Long Island (dining *à deux* on the way to Baden-Baden); Lady Haddington, now in



AT AN IN-AID-OF FORGATHERING

Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd and Mr. Randolph Churchill at Lady Diana Cooper's house in Chapel Street where Lady Diana and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys gave a joint cocktail party the other day in connexion with the gala performance of *Me and My Girl* in aid of the Westminster Homes, of which more particulars are on page xxiv. Mr. Randolph Churchill, whose father many people think will be a Cabinet Minister again before long, has unsuccessfully stood for Parliament on three occasions but now seems to be tired of politics

And the World Said—



Lenore

MISS OISEAU LUNG

The débutante daughter of Captain Yung-Hsien Lung, Naval Attaché at the Chinese Embassy, and Mrs. Lung. Miss Lung who attends a college in Kensington to study the English language and literature, was presented at an early Court. Her Court dress, sent from China, was embroidered to represent the enchanting Chinese meaning of her name, which is "Flower under the sea"

mourning owing to the sad and sudden death of his brother-in-law, "Charlie" Baillie-Hamilton; the artistic Lord Faringdon; gently smiling Lady Illingworth with her husband and two little birds in her hat; a racing trio composed of Mesdames Helene Glorney, D. Thomas and S. Wilkinson; an international quartette with the cheerful Dowager Lady Doverdale, including the Comtesse de Castéja, who too was an American; the elder Haugwitz-Reventlow brother, who is very likeable but not a party-goer; David Herbert; Major Roy Glen; Lady Derwent; the Maharanee of Pudukota; Sidney Beer; Lady Scarsdale just inside the bar at the table where inquiring heads strain giraffe-like round the door; Sheila Roche with Mr. Goldman from Cannes; Mrs. Simon Brand marvellously arrayed; and, looking like a tired cherub, Erskine Gwynne, but no Louis Bromfield, no Michael Arlen. The former is in America contemplating a political career; the latter contemplates settling in Greece,



CLAUDETTE COLBERT AND DON AMECHE IN A SCENE FROM
PARAMOUNT'S "MIDNIGHT"

This very important production has its première on May 11 at the Plaza Cinema, and will be attended by H.M. Queen Mary. All proceeds from this performance will go to charity. The main setting of *Midnight* takes place in Paris. Claudette Colbert plays Eve Peabody, an ex-show girl, and Don Ameche, Tibor Czeny, a Russian taxi driver. Other well-known Paramount stars in the cast are Francis Lederer, Mary Astor and Elaine Barrie

LAST week I promised to say something about Mr. Korda's production of Mr. A. E. W. Mason's *Four Feathers*, a film now to be seen at the Odeon. This was a rash promise, because I find I have now completely forgotten everything about it! I think I must have remarked before upon this extraordinary aspect of film-going. When I have seen a fine piece of acting upon the stage I think of it for days afterwards, and even for weeks, while a really great piece of flesh-and-blood acting stays with me for life. But try as I will, and always with the exception of Charlie Chaplin, I cannot without the very greatest effort recall anything about any film or any piece of film-acting within a few days of seeing it. Of Norma Shearer I can recall nothing whatever. But absolutely nothing! The mental image I make of her is like an empty soup tureen from the Buckingham Palace gold plate. When the Dietrich goes through my mind, it is as though somebody had walked through a room using expensive scent. I cannot remember which is Joan Crawford and which is Jeanette MacDonald, except that one opens her eyes rather larger than life, while the other stands at the top of the staircase at the Opera and yodels. Or am I thinking of Grace Moore? La Hepburn suggests a rather plain schoolgirl who is generally in a bad temper, and la Durbin a not-so-plain schoolgirl who is always in a good temper. The blonder beauties have me entirely beaten, even the recalling of their names. Some of them are so blonde that I do not even notice them at the time they are happening. Further, I have to state that I take no interest whatever in what I might call the sexual aspect of film-going, which I regard as the same thing as the purchase of "feelthy peectures" in Paris, except that whereas those are furtive and nasty, the films are open and nice. In this matter I echo Cleopatra's remark that "Though age from folly could not give me freedom, it does from childishness." Into however many second childhoods I may lapse, I shall not, I think, incur such dotage as to dote on a strip of celluloid.

I have been thus babbling away in the hope that some recollection might come to me while I was babbling of what *Four Feathers* was all about. Perhaps it would have been easier if I had read the novel, a pleasure which I have denied myself owing to a rule I have obeyed ever since I came to years of reason. The rule is to avoid meeting any author

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Around "Four Feathers"

whose books you like—there are many Eminent and Dreadful Warnings who could be cited!—and never to read the books of any author whom you know and like. For only so can illusions be preserved. Now I happen to know and like Mr. Mason, and therefore nothing will induce me to read a single word he writes! Whereas of the words of Miss Blank and Mr. Dash, both of whom I have met without liking, I am an assiduous peruser. The other morning, at the first showing of *La Bête Humaine*, I went up to Miss Dilys Powell, whose accession to the hierarchy of film critics I warmly welcome, and asked that graceful and withal learned writer what *Four Feathers* was about. She replied: "Oh, you know! A lot of people scampering about a desert!" And so it turned out to be. One of the things which has always puzzled me about film-making is its ridiculous and wanton expenditure. I see no reason whatever for the continual re-screening of those desert scenes which were invented about the time of *Beau Geste*, were continued in *Bengal Lancer*, bobbed up again the other day in *Gunga Din*, and have never altered in appearance by so much as a grain of sand. You know the sort of thing. A vast horde of Sheikhs charge a small summerhouse inhabited by half a dozen Tommies, and the summerhouse and the Tommies get away with it. As for the scenes in which the heroes

must positively be identified, is there no derelict bit of White City still in existence? If I could have borrowing powers I would undertake to make as good a picture as the present one for something under £200! Whereas I should guess it to have cost not a penny less than £200,000.

The story of the film is of a small-boyishness which makes me wonder whether the film company has not got hold of some other *Four Feathers* by some other Mr. Mason. On the day before his regiment leaves for the Sudan, a young soldier sends in his papers because he hates what happens to the British soldier who falls into the hands of the Fuzzy-Wuzzy. Reading the reproach of cowardice in his fiancée's eyes, he decides to rejoin his regiment, which for an obscure reason he can only do by pretending he is an African native who has had his tongue cut out, and in addition becoming one of some 200,000 Volga Boatmen hauling barges up the Nile. When he gets to his destination, which is wherever 200,000 Arab Sheikhs are gathered for the purpose of charging Britain's farthest-flung summer house, he finds that gallant British unit in charge of an officer who has gone blind but refuses to relinquish his command. And then the young man takes the local Bastille and sets free the prisoners who hold it against their oppressors until the arrival from Cairo of Major-General Sir Pukka Sahib. By this time everybody who has given feathers to the hero has got them back again, and it is getting on for midnight. And a lot of notables in the audience are anxious to be seen at supper. And we walk down the staircase between rows of sheepish-looking pseudo-soldiers, and face the photographers, and exchange inane remarks about how glad we are that the British Empire's *all right!* In other words, this film, which is well up to the intellectual standards of the fourth form, or anyhow upper third, is an enormous success, and it would seem that the best way to make money on the screen is to waste it.

I am afraid I did not think very much of the acting, with the exception of Mr. Aubrey Smith, without whom this kind of film has become wholly inconceivable. The second best performance seemed to me to be that of Mr. Archibald Batty. For the rest, Mr. John Clements and Mr. Ralph Richardson put in some good hard-wearing romanticism, and I seem to remember a considerable display of "pinage and moper" from Miss June Duprez.

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SOME PATRONS OF THE

"CUPID AND PSYCHE" BALLET



MR. HART DAVIS WITH SISTER-IN-LAW LADY DIANA COOPER



MISS NINETTE DE VALOIS
(DIRECTOR VIC-WELLS BALLET)



MRS. ST. JOHN HUTCHINSON ARRIVES
WITH LORD AND LADY MOORE



SIR FRANCIS ROSE (DESIGNER), LADY DIANA
ABDY AND LORD BERNERS (AUTHOR)



MRS. CONSTANT LAMBERT
WIFE OF FAMOUS CONDUCTOR



LADY ROSE PAGET WITH
RELATIVE LADY VICTOR PAGET



PRINCE VSEVELODE OF RUSSIA
AND LADY MARY LYGON

Lord Berners' latest ballet, to which most of smart London went at Sadler's Wells on April 27, has been variously criticized; but in spite of some people's believing that the Jupiter was made to appear rather like the head of a totalitarian state—a sly dig which is perhaps justified—the general verdict was entirely favourable. As to a short catalogue of those included in this page of pictures, Lady Diana Cooper arrived with her brother-in-law, Mr. Hart Davis; Miss Ninette de Valois is the very soul of Sadler's Wells, a director, a former very famous première ballerina and in private life Mrs. A. B. Connell. Lord Moore, Lord Drogheda's son and heir, arrived with wife and Mrs. St. John Hutchinson (on left of group), wife of the famous K.C. Sir Francis Rose, seen with the author, Lord Berners, and Lady Diana Abdy, was responsible for the beautiful scenery, costumes and decor, about which there was only one opinion. Mrs. Constant Lambert is the wife of the famous conductor who was in charge of the orchestra on this occasion. Lady Rose Paget, who is with Lady Victor Paget, is one of Lord and Lady Anglesey's five daughters and is herself a talented dancer. Lady Mary Lygon seen with her distinguished fiancé, is to be married on June 1. And lastly meet Captain Bobby Jenkinson with his sister-in-law, Miss Clewyn Matthews



MISS CLEWYN MATTHEWS AND
CAPTAIN BOBBY JENKINSON

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LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER PETER DAWNAY
AND LADY ANGELA DAWNAYMR. MERVYN VERNON AND
LADY VIOLET VERNONMR. JOHN SIMCOX AND THE
MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORDMRS. NAPER AND MRS. EION
MERRY SURVEYING THINGSTHE HON. PETER ROUS WITH
MR. AND MISS MORROUGH-RYANMrs. CHUTE FACES IT WITH
LORD MUSKERRY

They had a super-good day when these pictures were taken at Ireland's great jumping meeting—bumper fields in practically every race, visibility of the best and all adjacent sporting Ireland as well as a good many from England to see them cross the formidable obstacles for which you do not need to go out looking on this course. The big bank has been fairly and squarely flown more than once. In the 'sixties when it was bigger than it is now, the Hon. H. Fitzwilliam, a cousin of the late Lord Morton, jumped it clean on a horse named Red Man. As to a few of the people in this little collection, Lady Angela Dawnay seen with naval husband is a sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and he is a kinsman of Lord Downe. Lady Violet Vernon who, with her husband, came across from our side of the boisterous Irish ocean, is Lord and Lady Cromer's younger daughter. Lady Waterford seen footing it across the paddock with Mr. Simcox is the mother of the present Marquess and widow of the late one. Mrs. Eion Merry whose husband is in the Blues is a cousin of Lord Chetwynd, and Captain Naper whose wife is with her used to be Master of the Ballymacad. Mr. Peter Rous, 16th/5th Lancers, who is home on leave from India is staying with the Morrough-Ryans at Dunboyne Castle. He is Lord Stradbroke's youngest. Mrs. Chute in the snapshot with Lord Muskerry is a very well-known follower of the Limerick hounds.

More Pictures of Punchestown on page 234



BETWEEN RACES AT SANDOWN

They all seem very pleased with life so let's hope they had been finding them! Sandown immediately preceded the Guineas Meeting. Left to right: The Hon. David Wilson, Lord Nunburnholme's brother, the Hon. David Ormsby-Gore, Lord Harlech's son and heir, Lord Andrew Cavendish, younger son of the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Tom Egerton and Miss Sylvia Lloyd-Thomas

IN the old days people put animals in Epsom selling plates to bet on. They used to start at a short price, but they always won; we all went home full of money and looked on the whole thing as racing at its very best. Nowadays for the most part *selling platers* run in these contests and often very moderate ones at that. Three or four of them will appear to be backed like certainties, but having rushed in a Gadarene-like way to the foot of the hill they can only just drift up to the winning post by their accumulated momentum. We lose our stuff, look on it as being racing at its worst and wonder why at a meeting of this size and importance there should be practically invariably two selling races a day. The reason is sordid and not far to seek. Epsom selling plate winners, as a rule, make longer surpluses for the executive, and except for the really big races it is not easy to get better horses to run on this track.

It was not at this meeting, however, that a small trainer who had just won a selling plate was seen with steam escaping from every seam. "Lord lumme!" he exploded. "A bloke as rich as Greaseus rings up and asks if 'e can come round stables. 'E eats me tea, sees me 'orses and 'is first bid for me plates today is three 'undred, and yet we 'ave no pogrom."

Class was not very well represented at Epsom. The long-distance horses were a dreary lot, the two-year-olds were nothing much, Lord Glanely's Dastur filly being perhaps the best.

Sandown wasn't very pleasant on the Saturday and there is very little shelter to be got from showers in the stands. Gordon Richards won the first race of the day on the favourite, King's Gap, a fact which seemed to cause intense pain to two heavily moustached bookmakers. It wasn't a game at all, they maintained, with Gordon riding. They had laid mixed doubles favourites and mixed doubles Gordon's mounts which would probably be favourites as well, and to hear them talk you'd think they'd have to cancel the whelks for tea. In the upshot Gordon's only other success was a dead-heater at about 5 to 4 so that he showed them a good profit. The finish of this last race was a masterpiece of riding on the part of both Gordon on *Campion* and Midge Richardson on *Kidderminster*. Neither gave away an inch and both had just an ounce to finish with up their sleeves. Willie Jarvis tells me that this was *Kidderminster*'s last race and should he become a premium horse and get hunters half as game and honest as himself you could book yourself through fearlessly on them.

Despite the lure of the excellent and hospitable private luncheon rooms at Derby, it seemed a long way, just too far to go. A most remarkable phenomenon at this meeting was the starting price of a two-year-old *winner* returned at 25 to 1. At Epsom also a completely unbacked two-year-old winner of

AT THE OLD BERKS
PUPPY SHOW

Lady Farquhar, wife of Sir Peter Farquhar, who was one of the judges at this show at the kennels, Faringdon, with Mrs. Bullock Marsham. Sir Peter Farquhar's last pack was the Whaddon

developed, I live in hourly dread of hearing they've gone down with it. In conclusion, can any expert tell me how to stop two-year-olds from growing a "hand" a month. I've tried gin, but "who by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature" or by taking gin knock an inch off it. They only suffered from headaches and halitosis, but kept growing.

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

Mr. Joel's was returned at 20 to 1. It is a most extraordinary thing which cannot be explained by senior wranglers or statisticians, but possibly by the Wise Men of the East (End), that whereas horses can scores of times be beaten by the narrowest of margins at these and even longer prices, yet it is practically impossible for them to win even unbacked at more than 100 to 6.

The First Spring Meeting at Newmarket opened about two overcoats colder than the Craven Meeting and it was bitter out with the "first lot."

Two or three of the first good two-year-olds appeared in the Spring Two-year-old Stakes. Lord Glanely's colt by Colombo-Rose of England hadn't the luck of the race and ran green; but the winner, a Link Boy colt, looked a really nice horse with size and scope enough to go on. It was about a couple of hundred yards behind this race that a solitary horseman might have been seen wending his way across the heath. This was a hatless youth on a hack who had been riding quietly about, when, seeing the race flash by, the old horse swallowed the poker and chipping in behind carried the boy out of breath and protesting past the stands and up to the top of the town.

The town, by the way, is in the throes of an epidemic of measles, and as this is the only ailment which up to date my racehorses have never



ALSO AT THE OLD BERKS JUDGING: MRS. WALTON WITH MAJOR G. WALTON

The new joint-Masters in succession to Captain Tommy McDougal who has had the Old Berks since 1934. Mrs. Walton is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Grenville Walton, of Longworth Manor, Berks.

PRELUDE TO PUNCHESTOWN: NAAS



J. SINNOT, LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE, SIR ANTHONY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE AND MR. R. MORE-O'FERRALL



THE HON. DOROTHY BERRY, MRS. MORE-O'FERRALL AND CAPTAIN STOTT



MRS. DENIS DALY AND LADY PATRICIA FRENCH



LORD HEMPHILL, MRS. DERMOT GOGARTY AND LORD GLENAVY



LADY MORVYTH BENSON AND MISS ZARA MAINWARING. BELOW: THE HON. JOHN HARE, MISS SAUNDERS-WAKEFIELD AND LORD AND LADY ELVEDEN



House-parties gathered betimes in Ireland for Punchestown helped to swell the attendance at Naas and had a most entertaining Saturday afternoon's chasing. A young owner from England led off with a win; this was Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, whose L'Odeon, ridden by J. Sinnot, landed the odds laid on him in the Dublin Maiden Hurdle in convincing fashion. L'Odeon is trained by Mr. Roderic More-O'Ferrall—famous at the game, and son of Ireland's most hospitable hostess, Mrs. Dominic More-O'Ferrall. The latter, who is seen with the late Lord Buckland's daughter, as usual had lots of friends staying at Kildangan Castle for Punchestown and attendant gaieties. Mrs. Dermot Gogarty, daughter-in-law of Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, wit and author, had some winners given her by Lord Hemphill; he and yachtsman Lord Glenavy are popular Irish peers. Amongst smiling English visitors were Lady Mainwaring's younger daughter and Lady Morvyth Benson, whose brother, Lord Dudley, is one of Britain's twelve newly-appointed Civil Defence Commissioners (the Midlands)

Photographs: Poole, Dublin

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Not Much Beating About This Bush.

THE longer I live the more bored I become by the people who refuse steadfastly, under no matter what provocation, either to hurt anybody's feelings, however unworthy they may be, or to tread on anybody's smallest corns. The policy of appeasement is all very well when you are dealing with those of good faith, but when you are dealing with a bully, especially a powerful bully, a good, straight left at the earliest opportunity saves a lot of suffering for other people. Power, no matter how ill-applied, has a magnetism all its own, and, as most people continue to be babies long after they have reached the age of responsibility, it is really kinder thus to save them from what will soon become an unresisted domination. It is as well to understand the psychology of the gangster in this modern world as it is to understand the psychology of the saint. Consequently, in the smaller matters of human society I would sooner someone spoke his mind, even though he stammered, than that he played that always unfortunate game which is to put off to-day's evil in the hope that to-morrow's action won't be necessary. After all, if people speak their mind to me it allows me to speak my mind to them. And in no instance is that a dull occasion. It is not the cruelty which is performed upon you before your face, but the cruelty which is perpetrated behind your back, which is not only deadly, but absolutely without entertainment.

Well, no one can say that Mr. Jack Kahane's reminiscences, "Memoirs of a Booklegger" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), are written for the good of all—they aren't. But they are certainly amusing, and, because they are so forthright, refreshing as well. One or two of the remembrances are undoubtedly tactless. Not because they may not be true, but because there is just sufficient anonymity surrounding the subject for lots of readers probably to jump upon the wrong person, which is unkind. There are certain events in other people's lives which are as well left as dead as time will allow them to lie in stupor. I loathe the people who resurrect past weaknesses of my own. Not because I am ashamed of them; I am. But the mere fact of being ashamed is an acknowledgment of greater wisdom. And always the main object of those who resurrect past silliness is to saddle something of that silliness on to your present development. Which is unfair. What you have done and are sorry for is nobody's business, except between yourself and your own history. However, except for one or two memories in the book which, speaking from my own point of view, might have been forgotten, this is a jolly volume of memoirs, with spades as spades, and all the more entertaining because really they never actually degenerate into shovels.

The earlier part, which deals with the author's life in Manchester, is the more dryly amusing. I loved his description of the cotton plutocrats who so enthusiastically guaranteed the financial success of the Hallé concerts under Richter, so long as their names were glorified on the programme, but who squealed like anything when they were asked to make up a deficit. "I despise the guarantor who won't pay," he writes; and the quotation gives the key to the manner in which these reminiscences are written: "the busted Mæcenases who call the tune and bilk the piper. I despise Miss Horniman, the ugly, bedizened spinster, in whose veins ran tea, as it does in most elderly virgins: I despise her for having begun a fine scheme, set alight a fine blaze of endeavour, and then wrecked it—doused it for I know not what stupid, spoiled rich woman's whim." Well, that may be an unkind way of putting what actually happened, but, in everyday life, as well as in books, if you are going to suggest anything unpleasant, say or write it unpleasantly out loud.



MRS. COWAN DOBSON

The well-known portrait-painter's beautiful wife, who is acting as deputy chairman for the "Rainbow Ball," which takes place to-morrow week, May 11, at Grosvenor House, in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital in Hampstead. Before her marriage, Mrs. Cowan Dobson was Miss Phyllis Bowyer



Grandpierre

PORTRAIT AND ORIGINAL

Mlle. Eve Curie, standing beside her portrait by Nora Auric. Mlle. Curie, now in the U.S.A., needs no introduction as the daughter, assistant and biographer of a world-famous scientist, the late Marie Curie, founder of the hospital bearing her name, for which the Rainbow Ball is being given. Nora Auric is the artist-wife of the composer of the music in *Le Mariage de Figaro* at the Comédie Française

The same outspoken attitude makes the author's war reminiscences just about twice as readable as most war reminiscences are usually. His description of the Italian soldiery and Italian command with whom he came in contact may only be true in part, but better be true in part than relentlessly adulatory, which is rarely true at all. His story of the capture of Fiume is very funny. The sharing of any kind of booty is always the most direct means to turn allies into enemies. The actual conquerors should never be allowed to make peace. Invariably they leave hatred where they ought to have left friendship. His descriptions of the financial matters which made Paris after

the war such a centre of Gilbertian business—men buying goods which didn't exist and selling them at a huge profit to other men who couldn't pay, who, in their turn, sold them with yet more profit to men who gave in exchange goods which equally weren't there—are as entertaining as a good farce. And his own contribution to this odd page of life, when he became mixed up with an international intrigue—is equally remarkable.

Towards the end he tells us the story of how he founded the Obelisk Press in Paris, which publishes banned English and American books, or deals with authors whose work has little or no chance of ever being published in their own country. Thus, among other books, he was responsible for Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" and James Joyce's "Haveth Childers Everywhere." And in this world and the world which pops in-and-out of it, so to speak, he has met everyone worth meeting. He tells us of them and of his own varied life in that way which is so amusing to read—perhaps because the truth of both as he sees them isn't, so to speak, a forlorn figure sitting at the bottom of a well all dressed up for the Day of Judgment, but some dashing chameleon which nobody actually sees in the round, and so interprets according to his own often fleeting vision: take it or leave it. As a book it keeps you perpetually awake and lively.

(Continued on page 200)



THE
NEWS OF
THE
MOMENT
FROM
THE LAND
OF
THE SCREEN



IN "INNOCENCE," AT THE PHOENIX THEATRE—

LIDA BAROVA (HANNA) AND ADINA MANDLOVA (LILI)



AT THE MAKING OF "GONE WITH THE WIND"

Leslie Howard, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Margaret Egerton, and the Hon. Elizabeth Leveson-Gower



IN "THE LAMBETH WALK": ENID STAMP TAYLOR
AND LUPINO LANE

Lida Barova, who is the heroine of the film *Innocence*, is one of the many victims of the German drive to the East. The film was made in Prague by Lucernfilm Productions, and was one of three for the Jubilee Festival of 1938, and this present picture, which opened at the Phoenix on April 28, is the last one in which the beautiful young Czech actress appeared. Her country is no more, but many other countries are certain to want her. *Innocence* is a pathetic little story of the poor girl who marries a rich man she does not love, in order to get the money to pay for the medical attendance upon the man she does. The sacrifice is a vain one, for the poor young man dies. The Duchess of Sutherland and some of the other people who recently went through that thrilling yachting adventure off the Californian coast, in which the Duke's yacht might have sunk with all hands, were in the Selznick Studio, snapped during the making of *Gone With the Wind*. Leslie Howard, Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh are the leads. *The Lambeth Walk*, based on *Me and My Girl*, had its world première at the Empire on April 27, and has the right people to put it over

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Thoughts from "Memoirs of a Booklegger."

"I hate the type of man who is a successful leader of associations. They have a smug smiling amiability, and odour of efficiency and disinterestedness, and generally a large secret axe to grind."

"If I were a true English Red I would begin by kicking every public schoolboy out of the party."

"The average German is a dolt, the average Frenchman is rather more intelligent than our Members of Parliament."

"Not only our own strength, but the germ of its own destruction that is inherent in all dictatorship, will save us."

"I wonder why when one criticises England one is considered unpatriotic. Surely indifference to the preservation of our greatness is the surest sign of the unpatriotic."

"Let us cease advertising our weakness in the gloating daily press, washing our soiled armament linen in public, and get together and get on with the job."

Peace by Vegetarianism.

Edouard Hume's book, "The Mind-Changers" (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), is a book which will please a whole number of anti-this-and-thats. Peace by vegetarianism in its widest signification. Meat-eaters, lovers of blood-sport, those vaguely uncertain regarding the scientific necessity for vivisection, those who make evil profit by the sale of old horses, those who refuse to decry the least spilling of blood, the least form of suffering, for either medical discovery or their own amusement, will simply loathe the book. For it tells the tale of how those various Societies which seek to suppress such things came into being, and of the men and women who helped in their formation and still carry them onwards. It is written in the manner of "no reprove." Here is an example: "It was in Paris that the chief pioneer in the new fashion for medical treatment, the cute business man, who was never a doctor and knew nothing of doctoring, carried on his black cult at the Institute named after him, and, being a genius in the art of advertisement, made the whole world resound with the name of Pasteur."

On the other hand, and in the midst of so much earnestness, let me quote a passage which amused me—not because there is anything to laugh at in it, but because it proves once again how it takes all sorts to make a happy week-end. It refers to the well-known Dr. Anna Kingsford and to a visit which, the writer informs us, "must have been the most delightful days of her life." She wrote: "I am here for a brief while in 'Retreat' in the midst of the most lovely country, the most perfect calm, the most glorious weather. . . . This is the country seat of Lord and Lady Mount Temple. . . . All day long we have spoken together of spiritual things—nothing else—whether wandering through the gardens, or sitting on the sunlit lawns, or pacing the terraces under the beautiful stars at night. In the morning we have services of song and prayer and reading the Scriptures, with exposition; and after that we meditate alone for some time, then meet again at lunch, and spend the rest of the day discoursing about sacred things."

Nevertheless, such an almost unreasonable sweetness must be appreciated before the real "message" of the book can best be understood. "Humane diet, humane dress, humane sport, humane medicaments are no mere silly foibles of obsessed sentimentalists. They are essential as stepping-stones to a Millennium of Peace only to be achieved through the Ideals of the Mind-Changers." So the book ends.

A Brilliant Defence.

Until, in the years to come, a full and official Life can be written, Lord Elton's "Life of James Ramsay MacDonald" (Collins; 18s.) is likely to remain the standard record. It is written from the attitude of a "defender," but the defence is brilliant. Not being, myself, a politician

by nature, I was as much interested in the story of MacDonald's childhood and early years as I was in the later account which outlines the history of his association with the then recently founded Labour Movement and his subsequent pacifist attitude during the war. Few great men can have sprung from such humble origins or by reason of their own determination and pertinacity risen so quickly to such heights or importance as Ramsay MacDonald. In his case, too, the child was very much the father of the man. Certain attributes due both to his hereditary as well as to his early environment created in him a mysticism which ran like a hidden thread through all his political beliefs, and maybe also contributed to that "barrier" within his personality which kept at bay even lifelong friends. The book, however, is more largely concerned with an explanation and a defence of MacDonald's attitude to the war; an attitude which brought him face to face with hostility, passive as well as active.

In this sense the book is also an apologia; though where reasons are understood and the motives high an apology seems superfluous. After reading this intensely interesting book of the life of an intensely interesting man, my own conclusions are that MacDonald was right, but in the

wrong way. What he actually declared in his writings and speeches was not always what he actually meant. Lord Elton writes: "Did he not serve his generation better by rendering audible at times the still, small voice of reason? He knew, of course, that if everyone, like most of those who thought with him, had stood aloof, the nation would have been destroyed. But of that there was no danger, and accordingly it was not only defensible, it was imperative, he believed, that amidst the slaughter there should be some few who were striving for the speediest possible coming of the most permanent possible peace." And, finally, however much we may misjudge MacDonald, the tragic fact remains that he foresaw all that is now happening in this revolting state of the world at present. Had this same world followed his advice at the end of the war, it would have been spared the ghastly mess into which revenge-and-power politics are likely to sink our civilisation. There is no getting away from that. It needs no defence. MacDonald was right.



Catherine Bell

MISS PRISCILLA ADAMS

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. John Drake Osborne Delano-Osborne, Royal Scots Fusiliers. Miss Priscilla Adams is the only daughter of Commander and Mrs. Adams, of Ashley Gardens, and her fiancé is Major-General Delano-Osborne's only son. The date and place of the wedding have not yet been decided on.

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRYSIDE



AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT THE TYROLEAN BALL AT NOTTINGHAM

Back row: Mr. Francis Newbould, Mrs. Roland Bourne, Mr. Roland Bourne, Mr. Roger Fuller, Mr. Humphrey Bourne. Front row: Miss Lydia Watson, Miss Ann Walker-Heneage-Vivian, Miss Cynthia Fuller, Miss Barbara Pearce, Miss Angela Bourne, and A. N. Other



Howard Barrett

ANOTHER PARTY OF TYROLEANS AT NOTTINGHAM

Including Miss Elizabeth Nall, Major Willoughby, Mr. John Chaworth Masters, Miss Chaworth Masters, Mr. Michael Nall. In front: Colonel Sir Joseph Nall, M.P., and Lady Nall



AT THE NORTH SHROPSHIRE HUNT BALL: (L. TO R.) MISS C. WILLIAMS, COLONEL A. L. WOOD, AND MR. AND MRS. GRANVILLE BANTOCK

All the scares and alarums were quite forgotten on the various occasions when these photographs were taken, and everybody was determined to enjoy themselves, no matter what came afterwards. Perhaps they would not have been so cheerful if they could have had a pre-view of the Chancellor's Budget speech. The first two photographs are of a most worthy in-aid-of affair, the Tyrolean Ball, held at Nottingham University College for the Cripples' Guild. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bourne brought a large party, as also did Colonel Sir Joseph and Lady Nall, he being M.P. for the Hulme Division of Manchester. The North Shropshire Hunt Ball at Shrewsbury was another very successful adventure, and everybody seems to have enjoyed themselves. Major A. C. Bovill has had this pack as sole Master since 1933. The East Surrey Conservative and Unionist Association should have benefited very well from their dance, which was held at the Haskins Arms Hotel, Oxted. Mr. Charles Emmott, seen in the picture, is the member for the Division

ON RIGHT: SUPPORTING THE EAST SURREY CONSERVATIVE BALL: LADY MUNSTER, MRS. THEODORE LLOYD, AND MR. C. EMMOTT, M.P.



ALSO AT THE NORTH SHROPSHIRE HUNT BALL: THE HON. MAFIDA TYRELL-KENYON, LORD KENYON, AND MISS LUCY CHOLMONDELEY





THE MOTHERS' AND DAUGHTERS' FOURSOMES
AT RANELAGH

This annual match for the Rabbidge Scratch Salver, which took place over eighteen holes at Ranelagh, was won by Mrs. and Miss Garnham (Naze), with a score of 77. Miss Pam Barton, former British and American Champion, and her mother tied with Mrs. Bullard and Mrs. Carrick, each returning a 79 for second place. The names in the above photograph (l. to r.) are: Mrs. Forbes Cooper, Miss Forbes Cooper, Miss Gardner and Mrs. Gardner

I SOMETIMES think that the success of a golf club depends not so much on the quality of the course as on the quality of luncheon they give you. I have happy memories of many a comparatively obscure club, where the culinary art of the steward has more than atoned for the shortcomings of nature and the greenkeeper. Most golf clubs these days offer you a reasonable lunch at the week-end. The acid test comes when they hold a large tournament. Some of them refuse to face the issue and despatch you to a draughty marquee to face hairy legs of chicken and the inevitable "Macedoine of Fruits" in an atmosphere reminiscent of the old O.T.C. days at Tidworth Pennings. Others do their best to feed you in the club-house, only to find that the organisation won't stand the strain.

Recently I have come across two outstanding examples of efficiency, and hasten to pass on credit where it is due. The first you have heard about before, but it will bear repeating. I refer to Deal and the Halford Hewitt tournament. Play went on for the full twelve hours, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., and the first players to finish wanted their lunch at half-past eleven and the last expected a similar lunch at four. I myself sat down to lunch at four o'clock on one of the days. Yes; the salmon was still "on." Yes; the potatoes were hot, and so was the cauliflower. Throughout the day the service was prompt, and a steward came to ask what you would take to drink the moment you sat down. How Bernard Drew manages to do this year in and year out I do not profess to know, but there it is. From Deal, after a suitable

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

interval, we moved to Birkdale, where nearly 220 people had assembled for the English championship. On the first day the gale blew down both the caterer's marquees, and the club, with their normal club-house organisation, served 140 lunches without a serious hitch. To show you what really can be done when people try, I reprint in full the first day's menu at Birkdale: Shrimps, sardines; tomato soup; boiled chicken and bacon, parsley sauce; roast lamb, mint sauce; new potatoes, peas, spring cabbage. Cold: Ham, tongue, pressed beef, veal and ham pie; potato salad, green salad; apple tart, cherry tart, stewed rhubarb, custard, rice pudding; Lancashire, Cheshire, Gorgonzola, Stilton. The price of this repast—and everything remained "on," including the shrimps—was three shillings. Service was immediate. May I add that there were no "extras" in the way of cream, etc. Three shillings covered the lot, and as much of it as you cared to eat.



TWO MORE MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Mrs. Carrick, who was formerly Miss Peggy Bullard, and her mother started out badly, but came home in 37 for 79. Seen above (l. to r.): Mrs. Mungo Park, Miss C. M. Park, Mrs. Carrick and Mrs. Bullard



MISS PAM BARTON AND
HER MOTHER

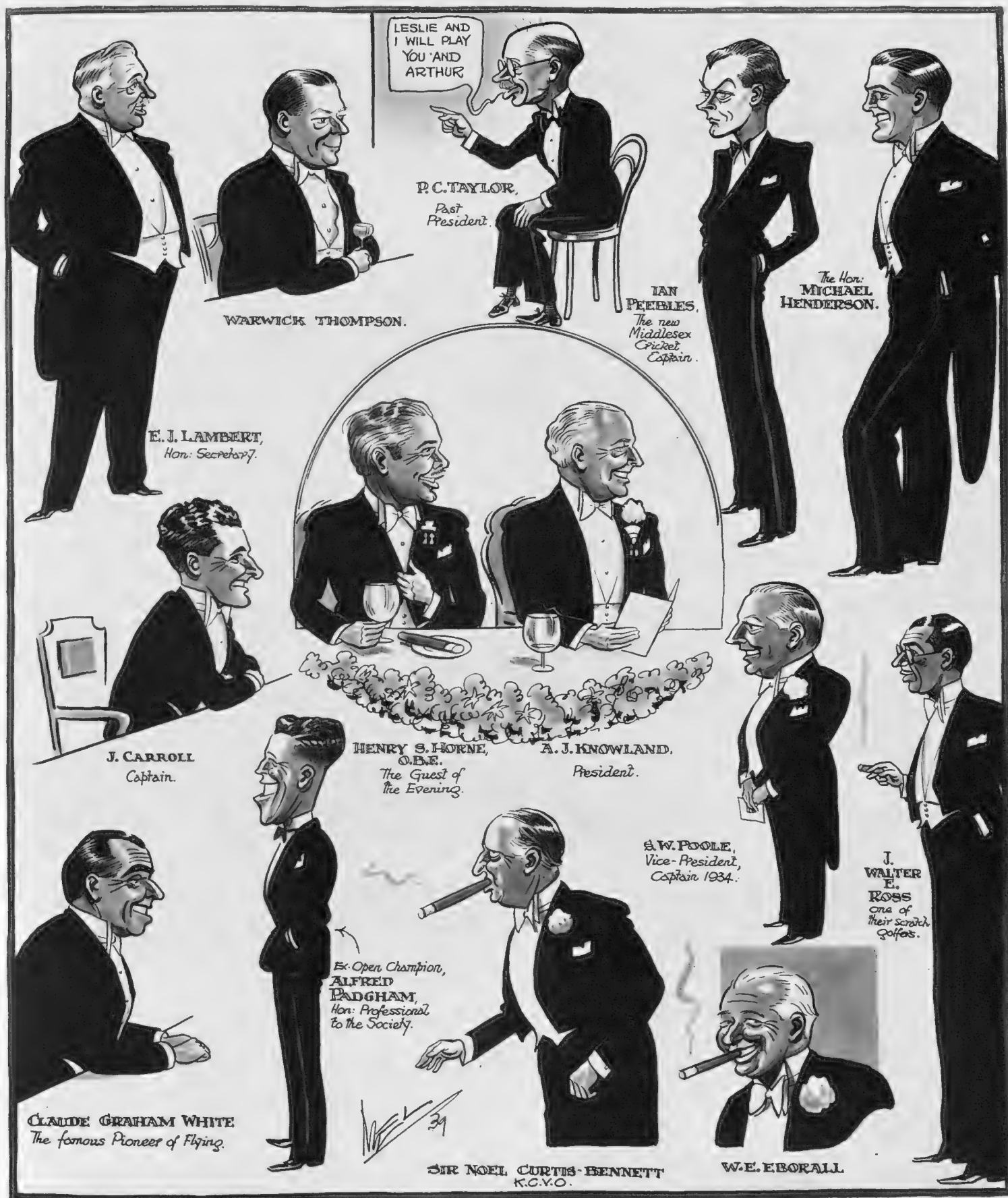
Mrs. Barton's putting was the star turn of the day and, according to report, was quite remarkable to watch. The rest of her game was also first class, for she played very steadily the whole way through

If this can be done at Birkdale, one is prompted to ask why something like it cannot be done at a good many other clubs which had better be nameless. No soup, no green salad, ancient, overcooked joints of foreign meat that are "off" by half-past one. To my mind, three and sixpence is the maximum that most golfers want to pay for their lunch. At Addington, and one or two other clubs in the neighbourhood of London, they charge as much as four-and-six. I am not suggesting that the excellent lunch served is not worth the money, but I think it likely that few golfers really want between the rounds a lunch that is worth four-and-six. If I ran a golf club one of my first efforts would be to provide a *spécialité de la maison* in the shape of shrimps, sole, Blue Cheshire, or whatever it may be. Not necessarily expensive, but good publicity.

This was the first time that a men's championship had been played at Birkdale. They had had the now abandoned Dunlop-Southport tournament, the boys' championship, and, four years ago, the English women's championship. No less than thirty years ago, though most people have forgotten the fact, it was at Birkdale that Miss Dorothy Campbell beat Miss Hezlet

(Continued on page xxii)

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' GOLFING SOCIETY—BY "MEL"

The Society held its ninth annual dinner recently at the Connaught Rooms in London, when 800 members and their guests were present. After the dinner, at which the President, Mr. A. J. Knowland, presided, there was dancing and a very excellent cabaret. The guest of the evening was Mr. Henry S. Horne. Many other well-known personalities, including Mr. Claude Graham White, Miss Amy Johnson, Miss Pam Barton, former Lady Golf Champion, and Mr. Ian Peebles, the new Middlesex Cricket captain, were present. The evening was a great success, thanks in no small way to the untiring honorary secretary, Mr. E. J. Lambert.



DINING AT THE CARLTON BEFOREHAND: MR. JAMES ROOSEVELT, JUNIOR, AND MERLE OBERON (CATHY OF "WUTHERING HEIGHTS")



LORD AND LADY CROMER
GOING TO THEIR SEATS



MISS MARY ROSE CHARTERIS
AND MR. CHARLES HARDING



THE HON. EDWARD WARD
AND MISS VIRGINIA GILLIAT

VIEWING "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"

Last week's big Première



ALL SET AT THE GAUMONT: LORD ABERDARE
AND MISS CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH



LADY PORTARLINGTON AND CAPTAIN GRAHAM

The European première of Samuel Goldwyn's *Wuthering Heights*, at the Gaumont, was one of London's big dates last week. Faithfully following as it does the starkly tragic original, this picture, beautifully presented and brilliantly acted by a largely British cast, could not fail to be gloomy; equally, no one could fail to be intensely moved by it. President Roosevelt's son, Mr. James Roosevelt, Junior, in his capacity as Vice-President of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, gave a big première party, among his many guests being Merle Oberon, whose Cathy (opposite Laurence Olivier's Heathcliff) is undoubtedly the star turn of her film career to date. Lady Cromer, in ice-blue and silver brocade, looked very smiling. The camera also encountered—amongst many others—Lady Elizabeth Babington Smith's eldest daughter, and Miss Mary Rose Charteris, sister of Lady O'Neill and Lady Long, whose attractive black net cape, worn over a white dress, had an amusing blue velvet ruffle

THE
 COUNTESS
 OF
 BIRKENHEAD
 AND
 HER SON,
 THE LITTLE
 VISCOUNT
 FURNEAUX

Lord and Lady Birkenhead's charming young son, Lord Furneaux, was in the news not long ago, having had his third-birthday party on April 17. Naturally, his grandfather, Lord Camrose, did not forget this great date. Lady Birkenhead is one of four sisters and three brothers, the second of whom, the Hon. Michael Berry, married her husband's sister, Lady Pamela Smith. Lord Birkenhead, who succeeded his distinguished father in 1930, has been a Lord-in-Waiting to the King since last year. Also since last year, he has held the post of Parliamentary Private Secretary to our Foreign Minister, a job which, as may be well imagined, gives him plenty to do in these internationally turgid times

Marcus Adams, Dover Street



TIDWORTH OPENS THE POLO BALL— THE BLAKISTON-HOUSTON CUP



(L. to r.) Miss Duncan (father Colonel W. E. Duncan, R.H.A., was in action), Miss Coleman, Mrs. W. E. Duncan, and three more of the family

A TENSE MOMENT!



CAPTAIN R. BERTRAM (3rd H.),
MISS BEDWELL, MISS POWELL,
AND MRS. BERTRAM



MAJOR D. J. J. TURNBULL (R.H.A.) AND
LT.-COL. J. D. L. DE WEND FENTON (3rd H.)



Photos: Truman Howell

MRS. G. E. PRIOR-PALMER WITH
MRS. G. H. F. P. VERE-LAURIE



CAPTAIN J. H. MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-
SCOTT AND LORD GEORGE SCOTT

The mechanised horse-soldiers at Tidworth got off the mark ahead of the lot of us with this battle for the Blakiston-Houston Cup (still in progress at the time of going to press). This Cup was generously presented by Major-General John Blakiston-Houston, formerly I.G. Cavalry, when we had some still left to inspect. They had apparently plenty of starters, including 3rd Hussars, an R.H.A. side, and many more. For 3rd Hussars team see the "Polo Notes" page at back-end of this paper. Captain Bertram was in the side, and the family of the skipper of the Gunner team may be observed above registering intense emotion. Captain Montagu-Douglas-Scott (9th L.), seen with his relative Lord George Scott (10th R.H.), has taken over the exacting job of hon. sec. Tidworth Polo Club. Last season Tidworth had the best of the fun where Inter-Regimental ties were concerned, and the infernal god of war not interfering, it looks as if they might again, for they have all the ingredients. The 3rd, 4th and 10th Hussars, Queen's Bays, 9th Lancers, 1st and 2nd Regiments R.H.A., the Rifle Brigade, and 60th Rifles are all there, and are all certain to be in the fighting line. Most of these are sure to go for the Inter-Regimental, which will apparently continue to be played on ponies, instead of motor-bikes for some time to come



MME. JEAN RALLI SITS FOR HER PORTRAIT

V. H. Grandpierre

Mme. Jean Ralli, who is so well known on both sides of the Channel, and a very intimate friend of the Duchess of Kent's, recently sat to that rising young English painter Derrick Hill, in his studio in Montparnasse. Mme. Ralli is wearing a gold blouse and black hat with a pink bow in front. Mr. Derrick Hill, as will be observed, is left-handed. M. Jean Ralli is a cadet of the family which founded the world-famous firm of Ralli Brothers, which has business connections almost all over the known world

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

J. B. Platnauer

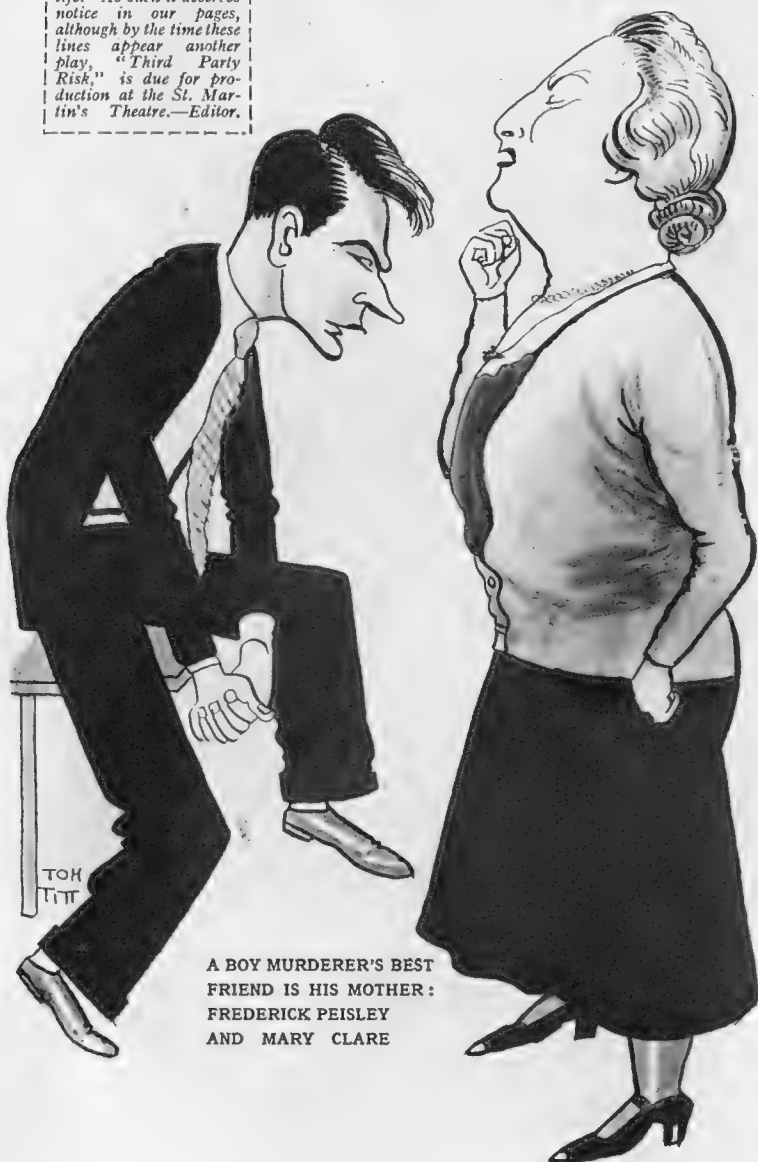


A Murder in the Family



The play reviewed here is the first the author has written, and is remarkable for its shrewd observation of Cockney life. As such it deserves notice in our pages, although by the time these lines appear another play, "Third Party Risk," is due for production at the St. Martin's Theatre.—Editor.

PORTRAIT OF A FATHER LOOKING FOR A
BIT O' PEACE: GEORGE CARNEY; (RIGHT)
PORTRAIT OF UNLOVED DAUGHTER
LOOKING FOR TROUBLE: JEAN SHEPARD



A BOY MURDERER'S BEST
FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER:
FREDERICK PEISLEY
AND MARY CLARE

"PICTURES ain't like real life—if they was nobody would go to them," says Alf Norman, easing off his boots and settling down to a study of the racing editions in the back parlour behind the little North London newspaper shop, which is like all little newspaper shops in the Walworth Road or Hammersmith or Balham or Holloway—or in Birmingham, Manchester and Scunthorpe for that matter. "We are real and things don't happen to us like in the Pictures."

He is no Gary Cooper is Alf of *Heaven and Charing Cross*, as he appeared at the St. Martin's Theatre. Just an ordinary little man "in trade," whose large family has somehow dragged itself up and who wants to have a bit o' peace to pick winners and pop along to The Golden Gate at opening-time. But without being aware of it, he and those around him are taking part in a drama as harrowing as any his womenfolk could see at the Pictures, and wouldn't understand if they did. Life is like tha-at, for, as we know, there is a tragedy or a comedy waiting behind every one of those window curtains in all the High Streets for the story-teller who can see it. In *Heaven and Charing Cross*, Mr. Aubrey Danvers-Walker has torn aside the dingy lace to reveal, with many deft and tender touches, a cross-section of real life for playgoers who are not afraid to face it.

* * *

Is it possible that young, unemployed Charlie Norman, whose heartless little strumpet of a sweetheart double-crosses him to go to the one-and-sixpennies with a flashy footballer, would strangle the girl in a fit of jealousy? Of course, or the Sunday papers would not sell in their millions. Is it possible that his mother, despite her horror on learning the truth and her pride in "respectability," would be prepared to blame an innocent man to shield him when the police come? Of course, mother-love being what it is. Is it possible that the fear-maddened boy, fleeing wildly from one danger into another, should be run over by a bus, thus solving the problem that had been insoluble? Yes, because Providence *does* play tricks like that in real life, and Truth being stranger than Fiction, it is only in Fiction we feel we are being cheated if the author brings Providence to his aid.

Yet if this were the whole play it would be no nearer to life than the Pictures, the latest thriller or a heart-throb of idealised mother-love. The realism and the drama go deeper. Mrs. Norman, so quietly and surely played by Mary Clare, is not an ideal mother. Charlie is her ewe-lamb. She has spoilt and idolised him. Lily, the youngest child, the family drudge who has to serve the packet of fags or the copy of *Sporting Life* every time the shop-bell goes, hates



EVER SO SEXY:
ENA MOON

Not very flattering, but worth studying by those of us who have to face life as it is and not as the Pictures would have us believe.

In my admiration for the author's understanding of human motives there is danger of unduly stressing the grimmer aspect of the story. It is all very well to know one has written a good play and get one's reward in Heaven. One would like, too, a reward through the box-office in Charing Cross, and I hope, if this clever little play is produced elsewhere, the author will obtain it. But playgoers don't always like to be harrowed. So let me emphasise that, while in the last act the difficulties pile up before this helpless mother with all the inexorability of a Greek tragedy in little, the play has humour and nicely-observed characterisation as telling as its poignancy.

The Normans, who assemble in the back parlour for "Mum's" birthday, are a recognisably amusing Cockney family with their clichés and their jokes and their human foibles. Besides love-torn Charlie and quarrelsome Lily, there's Eddie, a real cough-drop with his silly jokes and forced theatricalism which the assembled company is expected to laugh at; his wife Fanny, fat, respectable and touchy as only an in-law can be; our Beatrice, ready to play a guessing game if they all want to, but more eager for a goggle-eyed discussion

Charlie. It is the mother's fault. For Lily is a hunchback, with all the morbid sensitivity of someone who is not as the rest of mankind, and Lily knows that Charlie has taken her share of mother-love as well as his own. The mother shows it in every contrasted moment of her dealings with the two, however hard she tries to hide it.

When, waiting up on that fatal night to give her ewe-lamb his milk and bloater-paste sandwiches, Mrs. Norman learns the grim truth, she is thankful for one thing—that the rest of the household do not know it, need never know. Then Lily appears at the door in her nightgown, with a sly smile, like some eaves-dropping, misshapen witch. *Lily of all people shares the secret!* Yet it is Lily with her cunning who helps the distraught mother when the detectives come—not for lofty motives of self-sacrifice, but because she hopes thus to put the mother in her debt. Human psychology and behaviourism in all its nakedness.

about a nice, juicy murder; Victor, her slow-witted husband, the butt of his wife's and everyone else's humour. And there's Bella, Charlie's flashy bit of skirt, with her bold eyes and her tawdry allure—"half-Spanish or maybe Eyetalian, it's all the same"—who sets everyone on edge and gets a kick out of doing so. They were all ever so polite and ever so anxious to make the party a success, but circumstances were too much for them.

* * *

With a less experienced actress than Mary Clare the part of Mrs. Norman could easily have been overacted. Its pathos



HUSBANDS AND WIVES: MEGS
JENKINS, CYRIL SMITH.
(BELOW) HELEN GOSS, ALBAN
BLAKELOCK



was the more effective because of her quiet restraint. A beautiful performance. High praise, too, must go to Frederick Peisley's tragic Charlie and Jean Sheppard's unhappy little hunchback; to George Carney for his shrewdly-observed Alf, and, among the comedy rôles, to Helen Goss's eager Beatrice and Cyril Smith's flamboyant Victor. But the acting was first-rate throughout with not a single weakness—a rarity in the West End these days.

A special word of thanks to the author, to that excellent producer, Richard Bird, and to actors Hugh Metcalfe and Guy Verney for their detectives. It was a welcome break in the stage tradition of bowler-hatted, slow-witted "slops." Detective - Inspector Regan and Detective-Constable Pember were almost pukka. "Two men—one dressed like he wants the *Observer*," announces puzzled Lily as the shop-bell goes. Must be the influence of Hendon Coll. Play up the School!

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER—I have just received a good scolding from an unknown reader who, despite a few kind wur-r-r-ds at the beginning of her letter, is definitely not an admirer. She tells me that she has been reading "with increasing surprise and—frankly—disgust" my "repeated and savage attacks on the French working class and its champions—the Socialists." This brings me up with an 'orrid jolt! In my own funny li'l way I had always thought that I was a bit of a Socialist myself, having invariably shared whatever I possessed—that was worth sharing—with those who needed it. So far as I can see, however, our Socialist *leaders* talk a lot, but never seem to hand out much in the way of first aid when it comes from their own pockets. The two years that saw the Front Populaire in power have done more than their share of landing this beautiful country in the mess from which Daladier—may his shadow never grow less!—is slowly rescuing it.

My correspondent also blames me for my "attitude of preserving a deafening silence on the Fascist dictators' threats to France." To this I can only reply that although I condemn the Front Populaire it does not follow that I admire Fascism. One does not discuss the obvious, surely. We all know that Adolf and Benito are harmful devils, who will one day receive a kick i' the pants that will be all the weightier for having so long tarried. My burbling allusions to certain *extremists* are condemned as "bitter criticisms reserved solely for your [my] own countrymen simply because their shade of political opinion differs from your [my] own, and," the lady adds, "this hardly seems to merit the term of patriotism!"

Well, well, well! And to think that only a fortnight ago I wrote: "I am not politically minded and hardly know the difference between *la droite* and *la gauche*—that I rather enjoy translating as 'the right and the . . . wrong!'" This, no doubt, also comes under the heading of "bitter criticism and savage attack," but I fail to see what it has to do with patriotism. It is true, that, in my humble opinion, politics and patriotism have only one thing in common, and that is, their initial letter!

The Front Populaire and "party politics" (I believe this is the correct term for one of the curses that has helped to rot what the late Robert de Jouvenel so brilliantly called *la République des Camarades*) have made a mess of this most beautiful country from which, in the course of normal events, it may take years to recover, but should the necessity arise, France has a way of giving herself a mighty and patriotic shake so that the mud of politics slips off the hem of her garments. . . . No! I don't think my irate correspondent need worry about the patriotism of *nous autres* who have our jokes at the expense of certain politicians, and I hope that this liberal declaration of independence will enable her to get over her "great disillusionment and disappointment"!

Meanwhile we have had the "world première" of the long-heralded film *Entente Cordiale*. The going and coming to and from this function held up the traffic on the Champs-Élysées for longer than one cared to watch the taxi-clock tick over, and owner-drivers had to marathon for miles from where they parked back to the Marignan. Everything was the last word in grandeur. The striped *marquise* was up and the red carpet down. The *Garde Républicaine*, in its best white pants, was on duty, and we—with and without them same—wore our best bibs and tuckers. I do not propose to criticise this picture. Its title renders it sacrosanct, and



Harcourt

LILLY AND EMMY SCHWARTZ,
NOW AT THE FOLIES BERGÈRE

The famous Schwartz Sisters, who are appearing in the revue at the Folies Bergère, on one of their all-too-rare visits, are reported to be having their customary success. They are wonderful mirth-makers, remarkable pianists, dancers and singers—they are, in fact, a whole revue in themselves



JOHN LODER AND DANIELLE DARRIEUX
IN THE FRENCH ALPS

Since this snapshot was taken by his wife, Micheline Cheiril, John Loder was recalled by air to Teddington to co-operate very prominently in the Warner Bros. film *Murder Will Out*. Danielle Darrieux and John Loder had a big joint success in *Katia*, and now Henri Decoin (Danielle's husband) is to direct them in a new French film, *Battement de Cœur*

anyway, it's sure to be seen in London, when my betters shall have their undisputed say. The names of the butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers who are responsible for this production have been very rightly lauded in all the movie mags. for many weeks past, and the list of stars who appear in the various rôles is endless. On the opening night they nearly all appeared "in person," excepting those who were acting at various theatres, but they also dashed along at midnight in time for the shouting.

There were Ambassadors and Ministers and celebrities wherever they could be squeezed in, and although André Maurois, whose book inspired Steve Passeur to write the script and Abel Hermant to compose the dialogue, is still in the States, all the members of his large family were there, including his seventeen-year-old son, Oliver, who plays a small part—that of A.D.C. to Lord Kitchener—in the picture. In the rubber-paved foyer during the interval I met Mme. Yvette Guilbert, who, in her own quiet but persuasively eloquent and tuneful way, has done so much for the *Entente Cordiale*. She is off to England next week for a series of performances. On May 12 she "televises"; on the 16th she is giving a concert in London—"Your Favourite Songs"; and on the 18th she is at Oxford with a selection of old French songs. A second series of Favourite Songs follows in London next day; on the 23rd there is the Baudelaire *matinée*, and on the 24th she sings for the B.B.C. She is wonderful in the energy with which she gets around!

PRISCILLA.

THE DASSONVILLE-OWEN

WEDDING IN PARIS



THE HON. MRS. KITTY WINN, H.S.H. FÜRST EDWARD VON LOBKOWICZ, GRAF HANS CZERNIN AND GRÄFIN LUISA VON WELCZECK



MR. NICHOLAS LAWFORD AND MISS CLARISSA CHURCHILL



MR. HOWARD STURGIS, MRS. AMCOTTS WILSON, AND MR. AND MRS. GEOFFREY GATES ALL ARRIVED TOGETHER



THE MARQUIS MELCHIOR DE POLIGNAC, MME. ANDRÉ DUBONNET, MME. CHAMPIN AND MR. TONY MONTGOMERY



THE MARQUISE MELCHIOR DE POLIGNAC (COMPLETE WITH GAS-MASK) AND MRS. BEVERLY BOGERT



THE HON. MRS. J. W. L. CRAWSHAY (NÉE ANNE TYRRELL) WITH MR. AND MRS. CHARLES PEAKE

This smart Anglo-French wedding, in which the two people principally concerned were M. Michel Dassonville and Miss Florrie Owen, took place at the Mairie of the 8th Arrondissement in Paris on April 20, and, as may be gathered, was backed up by much that is smart and beautiful in Parisian society. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen, he being a well-known art connoisseur, and the reception after the ceremony was held at their house in the Avenue George V. Of a few of the notabilities seen on this page, the Fürst Edward von Lobkowitz is of the princely Bohemian house of that name and the elder son of the late Fürst August. The Hon. Mrs. Kitty Winn's attractive white osprey hat was a distinctive note in the general scheme of decoration. The British Embassy was well to the fore, Mr. Nicholas Lawford, seen with beautiful companion, was part of it; so was the Hon. Mrs. Crawshay; also Mr. Charles Peake, a First Secretary F.O. The Marquise Melchior de Polignac brought with her a little reminder that war is in the air—a gas-mask. She had just been to what we should call an A.R.P. meeting.

Mme. Champin, who is in the group with the Marquis de Polignac, is rated one of the top-line best-dressers in all Paris

MIDDLETON AND EAST MIDDLETON POINT-TO-POINT TOGETHER



PROUD FATHER: LIEUT.-COLONEL CLITHEROW
LEADS-IN HIS DAUGHTER'S "GONZALO" (OWNER UP)



THE HON. BRIAN BECKETT AND
MRS. MILLS HAVE DIFFERENT IDEAS



WINNER OF THE MEMBERS' RACE: MR. G. A. J.
WILSON ON HIS FATHER'S "BROWN JAP"



CAPTAIN R. TRYON, MRS. MYTTON,
AND CAPTAIN N. A. COURAGE



THE HON. MRS. PARKINSON AND
HER MOTHER, LADY BINGLEY



SIMON EDEN DOES ESCORT TO LADY
FEVERSHAM AND MRS. CHARLESWORTH

The venerable Middleton and its adjunct, the East Middleton (latter formed in 1921), held their combined Hunt Races at Whitwell, in brilliant sunshine, and it seemed that practically all Yorkshire was present. They know how to cheer in their parts, and a proper roar greeted Mr. G. A. J. Wilson when he won the Members' on "Brown Jap," owned by his father, Colonel A. E. J. Wilson, the very popular Middleton hon. secretary, who was starter. Miss Ann Clitherow's victory in the Ladies' Race also went well with the crowd, for "Gonzalo" had won at the Holderness Point-to-Point, and carried most people's money. Lieut.-Colonel T. C. Clitherow, who was there to lead in his daughter, is the Squire of Hotham Hall, used to be in the Life Guards, and has often entertained royalty. It was exceedingly hard luck on that good rider Captain Nigel Courage, 15th/19th Hussars (son of "Giles"), to have to do audience to the York and Strensall Garrison race, his "Flying Slave," on which he has won so many Point-to-Points, having pulled out unsound. However, the 15th/19th swept the board, Captain Hodgkinson's "Mr. Musket" (ridden by Captain Mytton), Mr. Allhusen's "Roy Fox" and Captain Leaf's "No White" finishing 1, 2, 3. Mrs. Mills took her camera into the saddling-ring, but her view of the best place for snapshotting differed from that of the Hon. Brian Beckett. The latter is the youngest son of Lord Grimthorpe, joint-Master of the Middleton, with whom Lord Halifax was in office until 1938, when he was succeeded by his son, the Hon. Charles Wood. Lady Feversham, whose husband is retiring from the Sinnington, is the Foreign Secretary's only daughter, and Lady Bingley is his sister. Simon Eden, a first cousin once removed of Mrs. Albany Charlesworth and of Lord Grimthorpe, through his mother, Mrs. Anthony Eden (*née* Beckett), has been an Etonian for about two years

Photographs: Howard Barrett

A MOVING-PICTURE GALLERY



THE BEAUTIFUL PARAMOUNT STAR, GAIL PATRICK, TO BE SEEN SHORTLY IN "GRAND JURY SECRETS"



ON RIGHT: HEDDA HOPPER IN "MIDNIGHT"



GEORGE RAFT AND ELLEN DREW IN A NEW PARAMOUNT FILM, "THE LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY"



MAUREEN O'HARA AND ROBERT NEWTON IN A DRAMATIC SCENE FROM "JAMAICA INN," A NEW POMMER-LAUGHTON PRODUCTION

Time marches on, and so do a lot of other things, including a regular spate of new films, which the readers of these pages may or may not like. Gail Patrick's *Disbarred* was generally released the day before yesterday. In this she takes the part of a lawyer, and what is more interesting still is the fact that in real life she has studied law and taken various degrees in the subject. Her latest picture, *Grand Jury Secrets*, has not yet reached lil' ol' London Town. Not only is Hedda Hopper a famous character-actress, but she is also a leading Hollywood newspaper columnist, and her latest picture, *Midnight*, which she has done for Paramount, gives her great scope for her great talent. The cast is made up of a galaxy of stars—Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, Francis Lederer, Mary Astor, and still some. One always seems to associate Kentucky with horse-racing, and that is just what *The Lady's From Kentucky* is about. George Raft plays Marty Black, the inveterate gambler, and Ellen Drew Penny Hollis. Zasu Pitts makes a very welcome return in this picture, which was at the Plaza last week. Charles Laughton stars in the new Pommer-Laughton production, *Jamaica Inn*, due at the Regal on May 12. Also in the cast is that great actor, Leslie Banks, and that newcomer to the screen, Maureen O'Hara, of whom great things are expected



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE COACHING INN AND VILLAGE CRICKET MATCH

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BEKO



H.M. QUEEN MARY AND THE TWO P
MODEL AERO



THE TWO PRINCESSES AND A FRIEND WALK THROUGH THE HEART OF THE HAMLET



BEKONSCOT CASTLE GU

The royal visit to this marvellous model means the first, for both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have been there many times before, and are always there for the inspection, upon which H.M. Queen Mary will give the review of Princess Elizabeth's birthday on the 21st. The castle is mainly built by Mr. R. R. Callingham and is always adding further little amenities. In addition to all the things seen, there is a model railway, a memorial church to the village, a club, a golf course, tennis courts, and a school of its Lilliputian population.

BEKONSCOT LILLIPUT VILLAGE



PRINCESSES AT THE WONDERFUL
THEATRE



THE SEAPLANE BASE AND THE BIG LINERS WERE
OF CONSIDERABLE INTEREST



GUARDS THE VILLAGE

Model village at Beaconsfield was by no means the only one. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have been almost "old residents." This present one, which was made on the spot, was made on the spot on April 21. Bekonscot was in the garden at Beaconsfield, and he has added to the large number of existing buildings. In these pictures, there is a model of the late G. K. Chesterton, a country house and almost everything else that the hearts of the population could desire.



THE PRINCESSES ARE SHOWN OVER
THE VERY MODERN DOCKS



A.R.P.: UP GOES THE BALLOON!

By WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

All that this terrifying picture gives anyone courage to say is: "Thank heaven they managed to stop the darned thing before it took the lorry up with it!" The artist is renowned for his vivid depiction of awkward moments which happen in the lives of some of our fighting units. He has let us in behind the scenes where the Navy is concerned, and his work may have done much to tell the public how hard the life of the mariner really is. The above work deals with some of the troubles of our aerial navy, which also, apparently, drops in for a spot of bother now and again

A SMALL PRE-VIEW OF THE ACADEMY

**"WHY WAR?"**

BY CHARLES SPENCELAYH, R.M.S., R.B.S.A.

**"THE OLD GARDENER, CHIDDINGFOLD"**

BY GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.

**"MODELS FOR GODDESSES"**

BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.

This very small selection from this year's offerings at Burlington House may perhaps claim to be as diverse as it is indicative. Only a portrait specimen has been omitted, but the problem and character picture have been included. Mr. Charles Spencelayh's pensive picture might well have been called "He jests at scars that never felt a wound." There is no one has a greater loathing for war than the old soldier who knows what it means. The picture was obviously inspired by last September. The gas-mask and the newspaper put the date on it. Mr. George Belcher's "Old Gardener" may not be so ripe a character as his cornet-player, but Mr. Belcher cannot paint badly, and is a very great master of texture. Mr. Russell Flint's nudes are both graceful and charmingly painted, and Mr. Brockhurst's lady of the hills looks very tidy and well-groomed, and she is very attractive. We must presume that it was a calm day when the artist painted her

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**"BY THE HILLS"**

BY GERALD L. BROCKHURST, R.A.



Truman Howell

AT THE COLDSTREAM DINNER AT SHREWSBURY

Owing to this dinner being held on the eve of St. George's Day, many distinguished officers were prevented from attending, but they had a cheery time none the less. The dinner was at Morris's Café, and the senior Coldstream officer present was Brigadier-General J. V. Campbell, formerly O.C. the Regiment, and who must be thoroughly tired of being called the "Tally-Ho V.C." He blew them away over the top with a hunting-horn.

The names are: (seated) Major J. S. Mellor (a guest), Colonel Sir Richard Leighton (guest), Captain H. Steward (guest; Mayor of Shrewsbury), Brigadier-General J. V. Campbell, V.C., Air-Marshal Sir Charles Burnett (guest; the Commander-in-Chief of the R.A.F. Training Command), Major A. H. Golden (Chief Constable of Shropshire), and Captain R. G. Feilden (Regimental Adjutant); (standing) Captain R. J. Campbell, Captain A. Heber-Percy (guest), Major R. B. L. Perss (guest), Colonel R. Longueville, Captain A. W. Smith and Captain S. Vickers

IT has been officially announced that, in order successfully to deal with the large number of man-eating sharks which are so busy chewing up the bathers at the Madras Lido, it has been found necessary to bomb them. The scheme, as I understand it, is upon much the same lines as a depth-charge attack on submarines. The sharks, even when there is no direct hit, "come bobbing up like corks" in a half-stunned condition, and are then, of course, very easily dealt with by rifle fire. I think we ought to be very grateful to the Madras authorities for having given us such a useful hint. Why not take it?

When you are walking through long grass which may conceal a few poisonous snakes, it is not advisable to take it on bare-footed. A very good trick in such conditions is to set fire to the grass and burn it clean out. The snakes invariably



THE GOLD COAST v. NIGERIA TENNIS TOURNAMENT

A group of the energetic competitors which was taken during the battle at that nice sunny place, Lagos, Nigeria. Unfortunately, they omitted to say which won by the sweat of their manly brows

The names in the group are: (l. to r.) (seated) Dr. J. S. Minett, C. T. C. Ennals; Major G. Blackburne-Kane, L. C. Wheeler, J. A. Rice, F. Carpenter; (standing) J. W. Mead, I. H. S. Lotinga, N. W. Sabine, D. Howard, J. Gorman and Dr. Menzies

Pictures in the Fire



MME. VERA DE VILLIERS
AND PROFESSOR BRUNO WALTER

At the Columbia Gramophone Company's dinner to the famous impresario, Fred Gaisberg, at the Savoy. Bruno Walter is one of the most distinguished of German exiles. He is now a subject of France

decide to quit, but many of them perish before they have time to get out.

The little sparring match which is in progress between Sir Francis Younghusband and Lord Midleton over Tibet and the differences which arose between Lord Curzon and the Secretary of State for India is of more than mere academic interest. I am impelled to do an "I Was There" act on the well-known B.B.C. lines, because I was. Sir Francis Younghusband has admitted that he did try to "improve the shining hour" by deciding to advance to Lhasa and make Tibet sign what was, in effect, the treaty of peace in that ancient and very beautiful city. Lord Midleton says this was outside his brief. Sir Francis admits it, and says Lord Curzon was very nice about it and forgave his "over-zeal" and had a sensitive appreciation of the risks he had had to run. This was only fair.



Poole, Dublin

A PRE-WEDDING DUBLIN PARTY

Here's to you on the day before Miss Iris Ainsworth, daughter of Sir Thomas Ainsworth and Lady Holmpatrick, was married to Mr. Nicholas St. Vigor Fox at Castleknock Church. In this group are the Hon. Caroline Hamilton (a bridesmaid), Mr. J. R. Fox (best man), then the bride and bridegroom, and Miss Jacqueline Fox (see next-door picture)

By "SABRETACHE"



DR. FELIX WEINGARTNER AND MME. CARMEN WEINGARTNER STUDER

Who were also at the Columbia Gramophone dinner to Gaisberg in honour of his fifty years in music. Felix Weingartner was a pupil of the illustrious Franz Liszt

like it or not!" That's the gist of the hours and hours of jabber. Anyway, the white flag did not go up, and so, after a rather picturesque night attack, when the Jong went off bang like the fireworks at the Crystal Palace, the small force under General Macdonald (barely more than a brigade with two mountain batteries) did take the fort and did go on. In the moonlight Gyantse Jong looks about the same size as Gibraltar, and it was then occupied by about 7000 men. They had some funny old guns, called *jingals*, from which they fired round-shot made of anything and everything, I should think, from dead cats upwards. When these projectiles came over they made a noise rather like Bing Crosby. The Residency was only about 800 yards from the fort. After the *jingal* cannon-ball hit the floor you might have swiped for four to the boundary. It was quite harmless. They also had

rifles of every imaginable make, including a home-made copy of the Martini with a much bigger bore.

Sir Francis Younghusband says that Lord Curzon made a graceful recognition of the risks he had run. That was very right and proper, because he did run much risk. As usual, when Sir Francis first went to Gyantse, he had about two men and a boy with him—not more than a couple of companies of the 8th Gurkhas with two little guns. They had one called "Bubble" and

At the pow-wow held in the Residency at Gyantse between Sir Francis Younghusband and the nice-looking and ascetic old gentlemen in yellow silk robes and hats very like clerical berets, and at which as a diligent correspondent I had to be present, we heard nothing about what the exact instructions from home were. All that the representatives of the great monasteries in Lhasa said was "Go back out of our country!" All that Sir Francis said was "No! And if you don't run the white flag up over Gyantse Jong [Fort] within twenty-four hours we shall take it and then go on, whether you



Balmain

THE SCOTTISH ARTISTS PLAY GOLF TO KEEP THEIR MINDS OFF THE ACADEMY PRESS DAY

It is said that all these distinguished Scottish painters organised this contest at Aberdour to keep their minds off what the critics were going to say about their pictures at the Scottish R.A. It does not look, however, as if they cared twa hoots

Names: (l. to r.) (seated) W. D. Macniven, W. Macdonald and A. R. Sturrock, R.S.A.; (standing) G. H. Balmain, Charles Oppenheimer, R.S.A., F. E. B. Blanc, Adrian Moncrieff, Gavin Douglas, C. R. Jones, Peter Westwater, D. Bruce Adam, T. Marin and C. S. M. Swanson

the other "Squeak." So, naturally, when the *jingals* turned nasty he began to have a very thin time in more ways than one, and so it went on till the relieving column went to the rescue.

There was a sizeable Tibetan fort right across his line of supply. I happened to go with the relieving column because the *Daily Mail* correspondent, one Candler, had some fingers of his hand cut off by a Tibetan sword at a scrap at a place called Guru in the original advance. I was up riding at the Simla Spring meeting for Everard Baring, amongst others, when this happened, and was asked by Cotes of the tenor voice (*D.M.* correspondent) if I would like to go. So, of course, I went. The first trouble we had was with that fort that was interfering with Sir Francis Younghusband's supplies. We halted the night before at a spot called the Red Idol Gorge—good cinema stuff—

(Continued on page xiv)



AND ANENT MISS JACQUELINE FOX'S ENGAGEMENT

Miss Jacqueline Fox (see centre of the picture) is the sister of Mr. Nicholas St. Vigor Fox, who has just married Miss Ainsworth (see facing page). The snapshot was taken at the Skegness Beagles Ball at Revesby. The bridegroom-to-be is Mr. John Guy Bedford. On the left of this group is Miss Peggy Law



Goodey

WITH THE SUFFOLK YEOMANRY

The old Duke of York's Own Loyal Suffolk Hussars were first embodied by the Sir Thomas Gooch of Benacre of those times. His descendant, Major B. S. Gooch, now commands them as the 108th F.B. anti-tanks. Major Gooch is in the centre of the picture, the other officers (l. to r.) being 2nd Lieut. R. M. White, Lieut. C. A. Johnson, 2nd Lieut. W. S. H. Paul, Captain W. F. Arnold and 2nd Lieut. M. B. Johnson

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



I SAID "JUST TIME FOR A QUICK RUN!—NOT A QUICK ONE!"

THE husband liked his dram, and his wife asked a lawyer to draw up an agreement that both should sign the pledge. The husband agreed on condition that his wife signed first.

She did so, and thereupon the husband signed:

"Sandy Macpherson, witness."

"This little stream," said the local inhabitant to the lady visitor, "disappears in the middle of the town and comes up again at the inn in the next village."

"Ah," remarked the lady, "just like my husband!"

He came home one evening and found his three-year-old son lighting up a cigar. He dashed into the kitchen, where his wife was getting dinner ready.

"My dear," he said, breathlessly, "this is terrible. I've just caught Johnnie lighting a cigar!"

His wife was horrified.

"I must put a stop to that right now," she cried. "That boy is altogether too young to be playing with matches!"

The fire policy on a woman's house was taken to her by the company's agent.

"There it is, madam," he said. "The premium is ten pounds."

"How very unfortunate," the woman said. "My bank balance is rather low just now. Tell the company to let it stand and deduct it from what they will owe me when the house is burned down."

"I went to call on you yesterday, but found the gate locked," said Brown.

"It wasn't locked," said Green, "it just sticks."

"Then why not get a workman to do something about it?"

"As a matter of fact, I have. This morning I got a painter to put up a notice: 'Push hard. This gate sticks.'"

"Mummy," said little Alice, "may I have another piece of sugar?"

"But you've had three pieces already," pointed out her mother.

"Just one more, mummy," pleaded the small child.

"All right, then. But this must be the last."

"Thank you, mummy—but I must say you've got no will-power."

He was a gangster, and so crooked he couldn't shave with a straight razor. He stood near the witness stand, his right hand raised.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" droned the court clerk.

The gangster grinned.

"Soitenly," he promised.

"I'll try anything once!"

He was not a brilliant conversationalist, and his dinner partner was distinctly bored.

"Something," he said, after a long pause, "came

into my mind just now, but went away again."

"Really," she said, coldly. "Perhaps it was lonely."

A small boy entered the shop with an empty syrup tin and asked for half a pint of varnish.

After the varnish had been poured into the tin the boy said:

"Father will pay you next week."

But the shop-keeper thought otherwise, and emptied the tin, which he gave back to the boy.

Picking it up, the youngster looked into the tin and said:

"Father said you would leave enough in the tin; he only wants to varnish a walking-stick."



"PHEW! SCENT!"



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Elizabeth Arden

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SOME WHO WENT

TO SEE "THE WOMEN"



MR. AND MRS. EVERARD GATES
ARRIVE BRIGHT AND EARLY



MR. JACK WALLER, MISS POLLY
WARD AND MRS. JACK WALLER



THE EARL AND COUNTESS
OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE



MR. JACK DUNFEE WITH CHARMING
MISS SANDRA STORM



IN THE FOYER:
MR. AND MRS. EDDIE HILLMAN ("JUNE")



MRS. A. T. SMITH-BINGHAM
AND MR. JIM LAWRENCE



LADY ELIZABETH PAGET AND
MR. RAIMUND VON HOFMANNSTAHL

If it is ever safe to judge by what happens on a first night in the world of the theatre, then this play of Clare Boothe's at the Lyric is already past the winning-post and the presenters, Gilbert Miller (see picture below) and Jack Buchanan, can shake hands with themselves. Almost everyone was there from all parts of the world, even from as far off as New York and California. Eddie Hillman, fresh from playing polo in "Cal.," and wife, our charming "June," have been showing Roosevelt, Junior, round our town. The drama and film, as will be noted, was well represented by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Waller, Polly Ward, Sandra Storm (with speed merchant Jack Dunfee), and also by Lady Suffolk, the former Mimi Crawford. Lady Elizabeth Paget's wedding to Mr. Raimund Von Hofmannstahl is said to be fixed for some time in June



MR. GILBERT MILLER
(JOINT PRESENTER) AND WIFE

Boudoir Beauty

by SY-METRA

To the subtle thrill of "dressing-up" for the occasion is added the glamour of sheer, beautiful stockings. Bear Brand "Sy-metra," however, have a task in life other than looking utterly lovely. By ingenious manufacturing devices (found in no other stockings) they give a slenderising effect to the legs, and their seams *always* stay straight. Really the most delightful stockings of our time.

THE TATLER
No. 1975, MAY 3, 1939



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Sy-metra
TRADE MARK
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LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN

"THESE girls are shocking!" exploded the upright and elderly gentleman, with the All-England Club bow tie, sitting on the bench at my side. "It's due to a defect in their psychological—or, rather, physiological—make-up," I suggested. "I do not know what those words mean," my companion, by accident, snorted again. "And, what's more, I don't think you do, either. What I do know is, the girl served a double fault to give the other side match point—they are always serving double faults at crucial moments of the game."

He sat with his umbrella between his knees, choking away to himself, a fine old member of the old brigade, Wimbledon's figurehead, who has memories of Mrs. Lambert Chambers in her prime, and Mrs. Terry and Mrs. Larcombe, and, for all I know, Miss Dodd too; but, like all of us as we grow older is psychologically—or, rather, physiologically—incapable of believing that a new generation of players, or beauties, or politicians can ever quite come up to the standard of one's own youth. Bless Sir Herbert Wilberforce's heart!

As a matter of fact, I believe he really and truly enjoyed watching the finals at Melbury just as much as I did, though I do not suppose that the girls he was so hard upon in judgment, fighting out the final of the ladies' doubles, were conscious of his presence in the pavilion. They were much too intent on combating the gale, and, considering the frisky way in which it fastened upon the ball, I felt myself that the standard of play was extremely high. While, if Kay Stammers did serve a double fault to give the other side match point, she also proved again and again, both during this match and in her single that she won so easily against the little Hungarian, Suzie, that she has improved out of all recognition as a general and as a student of the game, as opposed to the free hitter that she once was. In a statement to the Press this week, I see that she has avowed that nothing will come between her and her tennis this summer—not even a romance. Which is a pity in one way, because she has never looked prettier, and I very much like her new fashion of wearing a ribbon round her hair, which, I see, was also copied by Peggy Scriven, who somehow does not seem nearly so aggressive on court without her eye-shade tilted at its usual left-handed angle. Indeed, it amused me to notice that our star girls are becoming increasingly feminine in their attire, returning to skirts instead of shorts, while the babe of the stars, Jean Nicoll, came out with a little blue bow in her hair that was pure Deanna Durbin.

However, do not let it be thought for one moment that this wave of femininity is more than skin deep, as far as their game itself is concerned. Mrs. King may now wear her hair in soft curls at the nape of her neck, and refuse to sit down before she goes on to play the final of the mixed doubles because she is so frightened of hurting her pleats, but she still smites her forehand drive with the gusto and passion of a gladiator falling upon his sword. Again, I noticed, when she was playing in one of her other matches, that after her partner, Mr. Deloford, served a double fault, she gave him a sweet smile of condolence, as though to point her gentle sympathy, and scurried to fetch him a ball for his next service, in the best Jane Austen tradition. But the very next second, as soon as another rally had started, once more she was grimly defending her base, and whirling the ball as hard as she could at poor Susan Noel's stomach, having cunningly drawn in her opposing lady on a short angle. Personally, I have a great admiration for Mrs. King on court. She must be a magnificent partner—so friendly and yet so firm. And it is a source of continuous amazement to me how every spring she comes forth again and produces a game that is still as strong and accurate as it was five years ago. She may be defeated occasionally now by some of



Stuart

SOME OF THOSE WHO TOOK PART IN THE MELBURY CLUB TOURNAMENT

Both the Melbury singles cups have new holders. Miss Kay Stammers took the Women's Singles by beating that brilliant Hungarian prodigy Mlle. Körmöczy 6-1, 6-1 in the final; and W. C. Choy, of China, won the Men's Singles by beating D. MacPhail 7-5, 6-3. Miss J. Nicoll went down to Miss Stammers in the semi-final, 3-6, 6-4, 6-1. In the above group are seen: (l. to r., back row) Eric Filby, George Godsell; (front row) Kay Stammers, Jean Nicoll, Muriel Harris, Mary Hardwick and Derek Hardwick

the younger players, but it is not because she has retrogressed. It is simply that they are progressing forward. If you compare her game with that of one of her contemporaries, like Mrs. J. B. Pitman, whom I saw serve three doubles in a row at Melbury, one's admiration becomes even more deliberate. But, of course, out of fairness to Mrs. Pitman, it must be said that she no longer has the eagerness for tournament competition that she possessed a few years back, when the game was her whole life.

Indeed, I often wonder why players do not grow stale sooner. Look at Betty Nuthall. After fifteen years of almost continuous competitive play, she is still able to go on to court in two finals at Melbury with the verve and the concentration and the power that first made her a household name. She and Cam Malfroy, who is undoubtedly, as I have said before, the best mixed partner in the country, swept through that event without the loss of a set. While in the ladies' doubles she and Jean Nicoll gave every indication that they are going to be an extremely difficult combination to defeat this year. One would have said at first sight that here was the partnership of someone who may not be as fast as she once was about the court, but is a veteran in experience, allied with someone who has all the strokes and all the speed of adolescence, but is still such a young filly that her natural exuberance and over-eagerness must need stabilisation. But the truth is that this girl of sixteen from the Herga Club, who first held a racquet in her hand when she was five years old, possesses that pre-instinct for the game that is given to all men and women with a touch of genius in their make-up; so that when you watch her play you will notice, if you yourself have eyes for the subtleties of the game, that she makes her strokes with that slow, deliberate precision that is the trade-mark of all champions. In short, she always seems to have a second to spare, whether she is making a shot off the ground or a vital volley at the net. I am not saying that she does not make careless shots sometimes, or weak returns. Indeed, I

(Continued on page xvi)



Bassano

MISS ROSEMARY THOMAS

A new portrait of one of our rising young tennis players, who took part in the recent Melbury Club tournament, where she gave quite a good account of herself, only being beaten by the runner-up, Mlle. Körmöczy. Miss Thomas, who is playing in all the principal matches this season, was Junior Champion last year



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THE ONLY WAY

By
"SHALIMAR"



The officers rushed out of the saloon, and the first thing that caught their eyes was a sling of blazing cases suspended a few feet above No. 2 hatch

THE name of the Chinese coolie who caused the disaster to the British steamship *Eversfield* was never discovered; but as he disappeared, along with two of his friends, immediately after the explosion, his identity probably does not matter very much.

The *Eversfield*, a cargo vessel of about 9000 tons gross register, was lying in the open roadstead of one of our large fortified ports in the Far East. She had arrived from Philadelphia two days before with a full cargo of case oil. The bulk of the cargo, all that was stowed under hatches, consisted of kerosene in tins—the tins being enclosed, in pairs, in wooden cases. The rest, 1000 tins of benzine, was stowed on deck handy to be thrown overboard should the need arise—for benzine is a highly dangerous cargo. The *Eversfield* was at single anchor in what seamen called the "oil grounds," and the harbour authorities described, in the plans they issued, as the "dangerous petroleum anchorage."

With infinite precaution in regard to matches and naked lights the benzine had been discharged into lighters lying alongside. The last sling went over at half-past eight in

the morning, and the chief officer gave orders to get the hatches off and begin discharging kerosene out of all the holds, as the captain wanted a quick despatch. Gangs of coolies were standing by, and lighters were lying along both sides of the ship ready to receive the cases. Intensely relieved at the safe discharge of the benzine, the chief officer remained on deck till a quarter past nine, when all the winches were going and a constant stream of cases of kerosene was passing in net-slings from the holds to the lighters; then he went into the saloon to join the captain and other officers at breakfast. He had just finished a plate of curry and rice and passed his cup for more coffee when, from outside the ship on the starboard side, there came the concussion and report of a violent explosion followed by a perfect pandemonium of yells.

The officers rushed out of the saloon, which was on the lower bridge deck, and the first thing that caught their eyes was a sling of blazing cases suspended a few feet above No. 2 hatch. The winchman had shut the steam off the winch and was running away; the coolies at the derrick-guy, who had swung the derrick out so that the sling of cases at the end of the fall plumbed the lighter, must have let go the guy and allowed the derrick to swing amidships again; they were diving overboard. Sparks from the burning cases were blowing all over the ship. Coolies were pouring out of the holds; the gangway ladder was blocked with them; many were following the example of the gunmen and diving into the water. The sailors and firemen, who were berthed aft and had also been at breakfast, were running along the after-deck making for the lower bridge where the boats were lying in their chocks, and where there were officers who could give them orders. The very first sign of fire in a kerosene-laden vessel is sufficient to create a feverish panic, and there is urgent need for instant action.

The chief officer dashed down the iron ladder on to the foredeck, making for the winch; the second and third officers made for the derrick-guy. All knew, instinctively, that their only hope was to swing the blazing cases over the rail and drop them into the water on that side where the lighter, considerably damaged by the explosion, had been let go and was pushing off. Before they could do anything, however, the rope meshes of the net-sling burned through and the flaming cases fell into the square of the hatch. Even with kerosene in tins, in those days, there was a certain amount of leakage, with the result that some of the wooden cases containing the tins became sodden with kerosene, setting up an inflammable gas in the hold. In less than two minutes flames were shooting up out of the hatchway, and shouts from farther forward announced that the flying sparks had started a fire in No. 1 hold also. One of the after-holds caught fire in the same way, and very soon the peaceful *Eversfield* had turned into a blazing inferno—a death-trap.

It had all happened very simply. At the subsequent inquiry the following facts were elicited. The unknown coolie had been in the habit of tapping an occasional tin of kerosene, and from it filling, presumably for domestic

(Continued on page 228)

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY



MORE than two million people passed through the turnstiles of White City Stadium to see greyhound racing last year. Over eleven thousand races have been fought and won since the famous London racecourse was opened to the public in June twelve years ago.

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THE ONLY WAY—(Continued from page 226)

purposes, an empty gin bottle, which he carried about concealed on his person. He had an unholy dread of benzine—as had every coolie in the lighter, for the danger of it had been well preached to them—and had no intention of interfering with that; but he made a mistake. In the first few slings of kerosene which came down into the lighter there were some stray tins which had got clear of their cases, and the coolie proceeded to drive the point of his steel cargo hook well home into what he thought was one of them. Instead he picked on one of the tins of benzine. The point of the steel hook shearing through the tin made a spark; and this was quite enough. That tin, and others lying near it, exploded and went hurtling into the air. The sparks from the explosion caught a sling of cases of kerosene which was just coming over the side and set some of them on fire. As already described, the winchman and the men at the derrick-guy did the rest.

There had been no rain for days, and all the woodwork around the decks was as dry as tinder. The fire ran along the iron deck where the benzine had been stowed, spread to the lower bridge, and caught the boats. The captain had just time to rush into his cabin and collect the ship's papers; he escaped by sliding down a rope into a steam launch which, at considerable risk, had come alongside. Even then he was the last man to leave the ship. Cook and cook's mate, stewards, sailors, firemen, petty officers, engineers, and deck officers—unable to do anything to check the conflagration—were afloat in the launches and sampans that had gathered round. Bewildered by the suddenness and completeness of the catastrophe, they were staring pathetically at the floating furnace that had been their home.

The captain stood under the awning of the steam launch scratching his puzzled head. He was a very young commander, but even the most experienced shipmaster would have been at a loss to think of any method of putting out that fire. Of course, there was scuttling. Amateur writers of sea stories, and sensational press reporters, would have opened the sea-cocks before they left the steamer; but a loaded vessel cannot be sunk by opening sea-cocks, since it is impossible to get at, and remove, the manhole doors on top of the ballast tanks. There was the condenser inflow pipe, which, if broken, would flood the engine-room; but it was in the engine-room—and no man dared to go back aboard the ship. What to do?

The captain had a fertile mind, and fortunately was a quick thinker; a most extraordinary brain-wave came to him in a flash. He had not much time; launches were rushing off from the shore, probably carrying meddlesome officials. A fire-boat was coming off too, but no fire-engine could save the *Eversfield* now. The launch he was on was in charge of a ship-chandler's runner; to him the captain turned and shouted excitedly—

"Will you run me over to the fort?"

"Yes, if you don't want to stand by your ship," the astonished runner replied.

"Well, I can't do any good here."

"I suppose that's right," said the runner. "Serang, full speed ahead!"

II.

Across the ruffled surface of the bay, which reflected the almost murderous glare of the sun, the launch sped, and approached a jungle-clad point with a stony beach on which little waves were breaking with a gentle plash. An iron pier ran out some distance. On one side of it a small Government tug was discharging military stores; the launch made for the other side and tied up. At the inshore end of the pier a sentry stood with rifle and fixed bayonet, and the captain began to wonder if he would gain admittance to the fort. Then he noticed a perspiring sergeant of the Royal Garrison Artillery clad in khaki drill slacks, broad canvas belt, and grey shirt with white chevrons stitched on the sleeve. The sergeant was tallying the stores from the tug, but he strolled across the pier to look down at the strange launch.

"Can I see the officer commanding the fort? It's urgent," the captain cried breathlessly.

"I'm afraid you can't, Sir; he's gone off for the day."

"Well, can I see the second-in-command?"

"That'll be Mr. Artley. 'Ere, Smithy, take this gentleman up to the officers' mess."

Accompanied by Gunner Smith the captain walked along the pier. The gunner took off his khaki helmet, wiped his brow, and remarked that the heat was sanguinary. It was, and just then the captain realised that the sun was beating down on his imperfectly shielded head; in his hurried exit from the steamer he had neglected to bring his sun helmet, and his uniform cap, even with its white cover, provided very little protection. He hoped they had not far to go; on top of his other troubles sunstroke would be the last straw.

They ascended a steep path to where the jungle had been cut to give a clear field of fire for the guns, passed through a gate in a solid cement wall, climbed still higher, and came to a small building with a wide verandah running round it. Two subalterns were standing on the verandah looking out over the sparkling waters of the roadstead. The captain stopped and also looked; beneath him, three-quarters of a mile away, was the blazing *Eversfield*. Her black hull was plainly visible, since the wind was blowing directly on to her from where he stood. Over the hull was a vast pall of smoke, through which an occasional flame licked up, and above the pall the top of the funnel and the two topmasts stood out. From the fore-truck there blew out merrily the code flag B, a red burgee, which indicated that the vessel had either explosives or dangerous petroleum aboard; from the main-truck the company's house flag still flew. The captain sighed and turned toward the verandah, and one of the subalterns came out to meet him.

"Good morning," the subaltern greeted him.

"Good morning," said the captain. "I'm the master of the steamer that's burning down there."

"Jolly rough luck! Have a drink?"

"No time just now, thanks. I want you to sink my ship!"

"You what?" the startled subaltern cried.

"I want you to sink my ship!"

"Good Lord! Why?"

"To put the fire out! I can't scuttle her!"

"But heavens! man, I can't do that," the subaltern said earnestly. "I would require an order from some authority."

"What authority?" the captain cried, heatedly. "I'm the master of the *Eversfield*, and if the governor were here himself, he hasn't got the authority I have. But I'm not trying to give you an order; I'm making a request."

The two subalterns stared at each other in perplexity; then the junior turned his field-glasses on to the burning steamer.

"But look here, man, I don't even know you are the master of the *Eversfield*," Mr. Hartley blurted out.

The junior subaltern lowered his field-glasses and looked at the dark-blue straps with their four bands of gold braid, the middle two of which had been twined into a diamond shape, which adorned the captain's soot-stained white duck suit. Then he looked at the flag in the gilt badge of the cap; it was a miniature of the one flying from the steamer's main-truck.

"He's the master of the burning steamer all right, Hartley," the junior subaltern said. "What about it? It'll be great practice."

"Well, it's damned irregular, and it's a pity the major is off for the day," said Hartley. "But—I'll take a chance on it. Rouse out the sergeant-major, Bill."

Bill went off, and the captain fidgeted uneasily.

"The sooner it's done the more of my cargo I'll save," he said at last.

"We'll get on with it right away. Would you like to watch the shooting?"

"By Jove! rather!"

"Come on, then."

Two guns were to be used, and the captain and Hartley stood behind them while they were being laid.

"There's a lot of small craft hanging around her," the captain said uneasily. "I hope you don't hit any of them."

"That'll be all right; we've got the range of every square yard of this roadstead taped off to an inch," Hartley replied. "They'll soon clear out to the flanks when the first shell is loosed off. Any special part of her you want me to hit?"

The captain was becoming quite enthusiastic; in fact, he felt almost happy.

"Keep away from the stern-post and rudder, and the engine-room and boilers," he answered. "Just between wind and water and right in line with each of the masts would do."

(Continued on page xxiv)



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"MR. DE BOURBON,"
AIR MECHANIC

The real name is Prince Gaeten Raoul Alphonse de Bourbon, direct descendant of Henry IV. of France (hero of Ivry). The Prince, who is only twenty-two, now a naturalised British subject, is working as an apprentice engineer at Renfrew Aerodrome

tition, one by Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, who lives in an Anjou château, and the other by the French club, and there will be banquets, garden parties, and a military fête at the famous Saumur School of Horsemanship. There will also be visits to the vineyards and English aviators are to be given samples of the noted local wines and liqueurs (the *guignolet*, which is a sort of cherry brandy is renowned), to take home with them.

It seems to me that this historical note is particularly happy and gives special point to the Rally. The actual inauguration of the monument to the Plantagenet kings will be on Saturday, July 22, but the Rally covers the period from the 22nd to the 25th. The Royal Aero Club is in touch with the French club and is able to let private aeroplane owners and others who want to go have details of the regulations.

Deauville Dally.

Just before the Plantagenet Rally there will be the Deauville Dally—or "Week - end Air Rally," as it is officially called.

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Plantagenet Air Rally.

QUAINTLY contrasting thoughts are prompted by this Plantagenet Air Rally, organised by the *Aéro Club de l'Ouest de la France* at Angers in the latter part of July. Over the tombs of the Plantagenet kings of England, in Fontevrault Abbey—bizarre gesture from the twentieth century to the twelfth century—will fly the aeroplanes of the Rally competitors. They will provide a vivid and visual historical comment at a time when England and France, so different in customs and outlook, are more closely in agreement than ever before on the fundamentals of humanity and civilisation. Two cups are being offered for competition,

Last time this was the high spot of the year's aeronautical entertainment, and there is likely to be a rush for it this year. It is to take place from July 14 to July 16, and invitations are limited to the pilot and one passenger. Those accepting will be guests of the Aero Club of Deauville, but British visitors are rightly thinking that some return for the lavish hospitality of their French hosts is indicated, so that a small charge is made by the Royal Aero Club to enable a return party to be given at Deauville. There are one or two other rallies worth noting in France this summer, and as, in some of them the prizes include cases of the local wines, they should afford an opportunity for the first-hand study of wines—an essential part of the education of civilised man, but one too often neglected in this country.

Model Flying Boats.

Those model flying-boats which were originally built for Imperial Airways as show-case exhibits on the lines of those seen in the windows of steamship agents, have had popularity thrust upon them, and are now in considerable demand. I believe that the firm that makes them is now engaged on their series production and that they are being extensively collected by those

who are interested in models and model-making. They are formed of some plastic material and are exactly to scale. Aircraft have been fortunate in their model makers, and the grotesque misrepresentations of ships and locomotives which I remember the small boys of a few years ago used to look upon with such scorn, do not seem to have a counterpart in aeroplanes. At any rate, these Imperial Airways flying-boats are correct both in general and in detail.

Channel Glide.

The enterprise of the gliding community has been noted more than once, and I



MISS VERONICA INNES,
CIVIL AIR GUARD

A smiling picture taken at Hanworth, where the C.A.G. are in hard training. Miss Innes is the daughter of Major Victor Innes and the late Mrs. Innes, of Windsor. Miss Innes, who has been a "Queen of Beauty" in the Runnymede Pageant, has got both her "A" and "B" licences and takes her aviation very seriously



THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX A.A.F. BALLOON SQUADRON

This group was taken on the Squadron's first guest-night at its quarters at Stanmore Park, where they are lying at the moment. The names are (l. to r.) (seated): F.-O. Sir John Dashwood, F.-Lt. C. Hills, F.-Lt. C. Hargreaves, S.-O. L. G. Aske, F.-Lt. Trundle and F.-O. Berriman; (standing) P.-O. A. E. Adlington, P.-O. G. Usher, Captain J. R. Gifford (Adjutant), F.-O. K. Berry, P.-O. J. Scrimgeour, F.-O. J. J. Briggs and P.-O. Elam

(Continued on page xxii)



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PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

Pain in the Back.

MY remarks on anatomically designed seats brought me a poser. A man who has owned cars for the last thirty years recently bought two new ones, a "Ten" and an "Eight." He presented the "Ten" to his wife and kept the "Eight" for himself. After a thousand miles in his own car he found that soon after starting he got a pain in his back. And now it comes on so regularly that he has started propaganda among his family for swapping the cars round. The funny part of it is that he's perfectly comfortable in his passenger's seat, which, as far as I know, is a duplicate of the one that irks him. My first suggested cure was to change the seats over, for there's nothing wrong in their design. They fit the figure well and give firm support to the small of the back. Another suggestion was that braces and some high spot in the seat might have contacted to irritate. Lastly, perhaps a muscle may have been strained in making new and stiff gear-changes. It's curious that another chap who has a similar car has developed a similar complaint.

Ways to the Western Isles.

THE worst main road in Great Britain, said to be the western half of the 46½ miles that separate Fort William from Mallaig, has been under reconstruction and repair for several years and won't be completed for another three years. Its axle- and spring-breaking qualities are now so well known that it should be avoided at all costs. One alternative is to take the car by train (10s. single or 15s. return, plus one first-class or two third-class tickets). I did this trip last summer on my way to North Uist, but left the car at Fort William. The railway journey to Mallaig is one of the most picturesque in the country, but the twelve hours' sea passage is uninteresting, and may be extremely rough.

Another—and a very pleasant—alternative is to motor from Fort William *via* Invergarry and Shiel Bridge, and then take the boat from Kyle of Lochalsh. This means crossing Dornie ferry, after passing the western side of Loch Duich, claimed by King Edward VII. as the most beautiful view he had seen in all the world. Two years ago they were starting to build a road bridge to cut out Dornie ferry. When this is completed the Isle of Skye will be accessible by two one-ferry routes, the first from Lochalsh and the second from Glenelg. I recommend the former. To start with, there is an excellent and modern



A FINE DAIMLER "STRAIGHT EIGHT" WHICH COMPETED IN THE R.A.C. RALLY

This ultra-smart Daimler "Straight Eight" touring limousine was entered by Colonel Rippon (seen on right) in the R.A.C. Rally, which ended at Brighton last Saturday. This car was driven by Mr. A. R. Moore (left), who also drove Colonel Rippon's winning car through last year's event

L.M.S. hotel at Kyle of Lochalsh. Then the Glenelg route kicks off with a dizzy, many hair-pinned hill from the side of Loch Duich, followed by a long grass-grown descent. On the Skye side of the ferry there is an equally alarming ascent where the surface is indifferent and the road narrow. So give me the Kyle route every time.

Sign-posting a City.

COUNTRY bumpkins like myself would like to see London properly sign-posted and street-named. We know our standard way into town well enough, but when we want to radiate out in another direction we're flummoxed. The trouble is that there seems no standard, co-ordinated, or continuous system of sign-posting from the centre of London on to any one of the trunk roads that lead to the coast or country. And, furthermore, what sign-posts there are are generally stuck up in the clouds,

and can only be read at close quarters with the risk of holding up other traffic.

While it may be impossible to take some centre like Piccadilly Circus, or Hyde Park Corner, as a focus point, and then, by a series of giant boards, direct us down A1, A2, A3, and so on, surely it might be practical to start this system at a series of strategic points a few miles out from the centre. For instance, sign-posting for Western Avenue and A40 (Oxford) might start at Holland Park, and directions for A5 (Watling Street) at Lord's, and soon.

Personally, though I do a great deal of motoring in and around London, I can never be certain of finding my way directly from Pall Mall on to the Brighton, Eastbourne, Folkestone, or Dover roads. One may attempt to maintain direction, but find that the names on the sign-posts come and go in a bewildering sequence. But if there were an over-riding A2 (Canterbury),

(Continued on page xx)



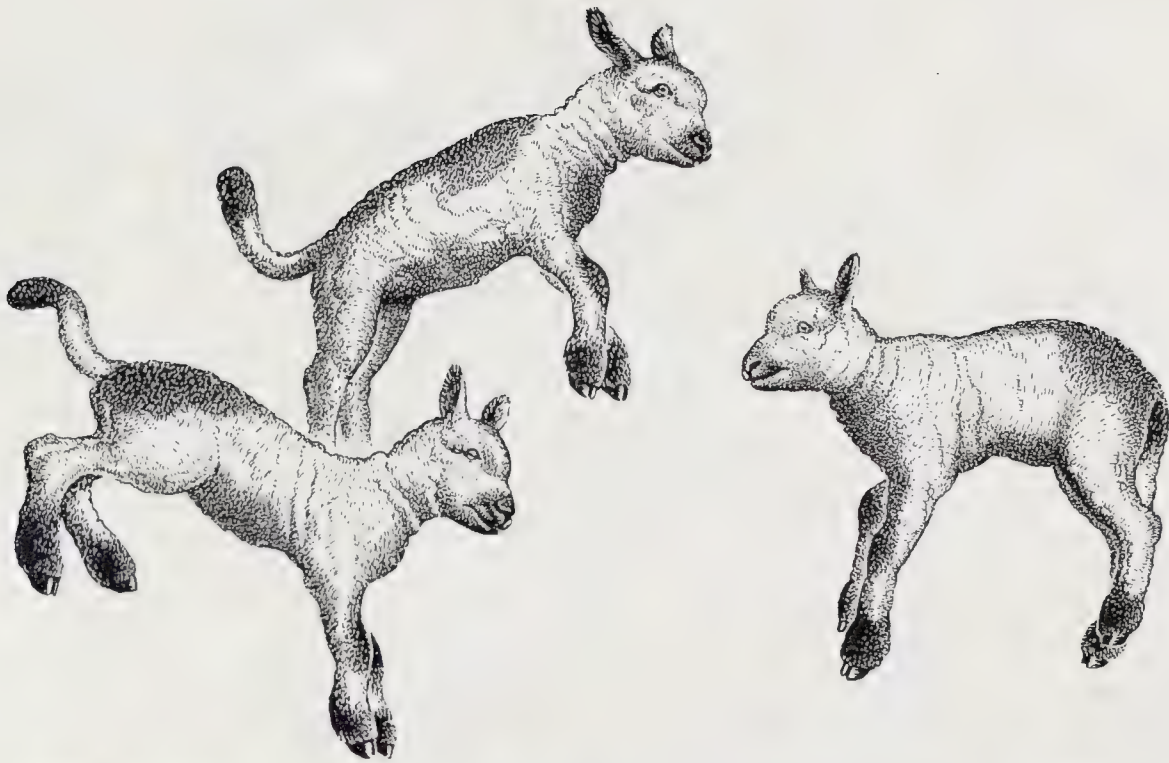
SPEED KING FORMS OWN TERRITORIAL POLICE UNIT

Sir Malcolm Campbell is seen signing-on the first members of the Mobile Police Unit at his London office. The unit will consist of specially picked motor-cyclists, and will be called the Provost Company, London Division



A NOVEL BONNET MASCOT ON A BUICK "CENTURY"

This very clever race scene, which depicts a group of horses in the lead, with a riderless horse in the background, his jockey having just taken a toss, was seen at the recent Cotswold Point-to-Point



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AND CAPTAIN HARRY FOWLER



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MR. H. CHRISTIE, MISS DEDE HORNBY AND MISS
ANNE GREGORY, M.F.H.



MAJOR M. G. RODDICK TALKS MATTERS
OVER WITH VISCOUNTESS ADARE

As will be seen from a full page in another part of this paper, Punchestown is still the most popular and smartest of all Irish steeplechase meetings. Here are three more photographs which came in at the last minute. Captain R. H. Fowler, who is a former Master of the Meath, was snapped while chatting to the Duchess of St. Albans who had come over from Newtown Anner, Clonmel. Next to fall a victim to the camera was Lord Zetland's youngest daughter, Lady Jean Dundas, and Miss Anne Gregory who has joined Miss Anne Hickman in the Mastership of the Waterford Hounds. Another famous personality in the racing world was Major M. G. Roddick, 10th Hussars, who has won the Grand Military Gold Cup three times

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North Wiltshire

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"CUPID AND PSYCHE"



JUNE BRAE (VENUS) AND FRANK STAFF
(CUPID) IN LORD BERNERS' BALLET



URSULA MORTON (JUNO)
AND DAVID GREY (JUPITER)

AT SADLER'S WELLS



Photos: J. W. Debenham

JULIA FARRON (PSYCHE)
AND FRANK STAFF (CUPID)

Lord Berners' latest and very beautiful ballet was produced at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on April 27 with every promise of as great a success as his many other works of this description in the past. His first Sadler's Wells ballet, *A Wedding Bouquet*, was produced in 1937, and amongst his other musical works are the opera, *Carrosse Du Saint Sacrement*, first performed at the Théâtre Des Champs Elysées in 1923, and the ballet, *The Triumph of Neptune*, given by the Diaghilev Ballet in London and afterwards in Paris and Monte Carlo in 1925. In this present very artistic and classical production the settings are by Sir Francis Rose and the choreography by Mr. Frederick Ashton



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Another Wolsey Winner

The Highway of FASHION

By M.E. Brooke

SURELY no one could imagine more carefully-planned evening ensembles than those at Bradleys, Chesham Place, W. There is an exacting attention to detail, and as many have crossed the Channel unusual fabrics are seen in happy unison, while the workmanship is intricate; as a matter of fact novel ways have been invented of making the simplest and most unadorned frocks artistic triumphs. Two views of an evening ensemble are seen on this page. The dress is a study in aubergine and cyclamen crêpes. On the right is the dress alone, with its panel and sash of the lighter shade, while in the second model a "siloetting" gauged coatee has been added. It is really flattering. An example of the detail is that on the buttons of the coatee "clover" is introduced. Just a study in sculptured folds and classic draperies is another evening dress expressed in platinum grey crêpe. There are several variations on the crinoline theme: again new notes are struck in dresses for the débutante. No one must leave these salons without visiting the fur departments, as furs make a perfect background for lovely day and evening frocks



Picture by Blake

FASHION KEYNOTES IN *New Shoe* SALONS

IT is very pleasant to shop in the shoe salons at Dickins & Jones of Regent Street. The shoe department is located in the new building, which was opened last week. The colour schemes are restful and artistic, and so is the atmosphere. In accordance with fashion's commands the footwear is endowed with a subtle tailored atmosphere. Below is an evening sandal, innocent of toes, carried out in gold and silver kid and mesh with pastel lacing. As will be seen the heel is Spanish



BANISHED is the toe from the evening sandal at the top of the page on the right. In it black satin and gold kid share honours. It is cut on slimming lines, giving support just where it is necessary. Black suède piped with ribbon has been used for the shoe below it. It has been created for town and race meetings of social importance, it will make a perfect theatre shoe



"JUNELLA" is the name of the sandal above. It is of perforated calf, the colours being dark blue and ice blue. It is one of those comfortable affairs that may appropriately be worn on an infinite variety of occasions. The bow-trimmed Court shoe on the right is of patent, "perforations" being used for decorative purposes. Attention must be drawn to the perfectly balanced heel

Pictures by Blake

Play around in DAKS

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You'll never know how trim you can look in trousers until you try on a pair of women's Daks. They have the same sleek fit at the waist, the same faultless hang and neat shirt control as men's Daks. And they're made in the same 50 colours and 8 materials. Get a pair of crash cheviot for golf. It's so practical. For the beach, nothing is nicer than one of the crisp, crease-resisting linens.

Have grey Daks for the house—tough corduroys for the garden. The best way to see them all is to ask your local Daks agent for the women's colour chart. If you have any difficulty, write to Simpson, 202 Piccadilly, London, W.1. Women's Daks cost 30/-, Daks shorts 21/-.

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DAKS

for *Sea* and
COUNTRY



THERE really is nothing more practical and comfortable for walking, playing or lounging than Simpson Daks, all of which are 30s. They are admirably cut and perfectly tailored. On application Simpson, 202 Piccadilly will send gratis and post free their colour and material chart. To this firm must be given the credit of those pictured on this page. The outfit on the left consists of navy blue worsted Daks (30s.) and a lisle thread shirt. This is extremely cool and costs only a guinea. The new navy and white striped Daks suit on the right is £5 5s. 0d. It will be noticed that the trousers fit sleekly at the waist and hang faultlessly. They are remarkably becoming to every type of figure. Twenty-five shillings is the cost of the lightweight wool pullover; it is available in lovely shades, socks to match being 3s. 6d. Attention must also be drawn to the sandals as they are of the Tibetan character with turn-up toes, and the cost?—well, it is only a guinea

Pictures by Blake



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SHOPPING NEWS

An Invitation to a Modish Rendezvous.

A CORDIAL invitation is extended to all readers of this paper by Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, to their new salons; they are the first section of the recently opened building. It is in the Millinery Department that the Hat Bar has been introduced. There nothing is allowed to find a position that costs more than a guinea; wonderful value is represented. The smartest of smart affairs may be studied and the rôle of the veil is more important than ever. The decor greatly increases their charm. The artistic merits of the first floor must be seen to be appreciated. There is a section that might well be styled "Everything for Beauty" in the widest sense of the words. It includes perfumes and toilet preparations which are luxuries as well as necessities. They are encircled with accessories, bags, stockings and gloves. Again there are notions, clever little gadgets and useful trifles. Materials for art needlework occupy a prominent position, and there are delightful containers for wools. Exclusive American fashions are here to be seen



The New Ten.

NO, this paragraph has not strayed from the motoring page. The New Ten is not a car at all, but ten lipsticks, a kind of beauty chorus known by the title of the New Innoxia Ten. New, because they are prepared from a formula not previously used, and one, it is said, which cannot be imitated. The addition of a special ingredient gives the lipstick in superlative measure just those qualities which women—subconsciously perhaps—demand. It is exceptionally smooth and easy to apply, and although it is soft to feel it has a splendid resistance and will not break in the container. As for colours—as one might guess, there are ten of them, and from these ten can be found one to flatter any shade.

Choosing your Colour.

"Old favourites" such as Electric, Clair, and Foncé are included, made to the new formula, and there are four really exciting and lovely new shades to complete the ten. Ask for these latest additions by name: New Petunia, to wear with your cyclamen accessories; or Anemone, for less mauve moments. Anemone has a purplish cast but is easier, less revolutionary to wear. Cardinal is a red with a very slight bluish tint. This for conservative tastes, as it is primarily a "straight" red, having just the amount of blue in its composition to make it harmonize with purple colourings. On days when you feel fragile, Mayflower, a quaker pastel pink. This is produced to appeal to girls and older women who do not use a great deal of make-up. You will love it for those times when you take a day off from sophistication and want to play at being guileless. These lipsticks can be bought practically everywhere, at 3s. and 4s. 6d. The four new colours, however, are only available at 4s. 6d.

Chinese Trends in Hairdressing.

"MING" may mean several things to you, the giant Panda, rare pottery or an ancient dynasty, but to Jules of Juan, 8 and 9 Berkeley Street, it is the name of a new coiffure. For this style, which has a definite Chinese trend, the hair is taken up at the sides and raised on top. Two pieces from the back of the ear are plaited diagonally across one another, while three curls soften the nape of the neck. Elaborate, certainly, but a finely sculptured effect for a formal evening dress. In the daytime the curls could be modified. The hair should be shoulder length for this treatment, which is the very opposite of casual, boyish styles. As an alternative, Jules has designed the "Crescent," with the hair arranged in curls forming a crescent on the forehead and twisted into the same shape at the back. He suggests a feather sweeping down to the shoulder, very effective if you can wear it. These coiffures can, of course,



be adapted to suit the individual by the artists in these salons.

Summer Frocks and Blouses.

ALL will be well if women in quest of summer frocks and blouses will make a note of the fact that those which bear the name of Bernella are of exalted merit. They may be seen at the leading fashion houses. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them J. Cowen & Co. 1 Berners Street, W. 1. (the makers) will, on receipt of a postcard, gladly send the name and address of

their nearest agent. A fact which cannot be too widely disseminated is that among their 1939 successes is printed stubble cloth. It is really most attractive material; nevertheless, it must frankly be admitted that it has a very formidable rival in crease-resisting granite linen. Again there is Cuban canvas, also good for shirts and dresses. Illustrated on this page is a very attractive Bernella spotted voile blouse that has been created for the débutante. Every one will admit that in some subtle manner it suggests Deanna Durbin. For sports wear there are simple shirts of Cuban canvas. The striped dress in the picture has really a jersey weave and is available in many colour schemes. The skirt is so arranged that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped.

For the Guest Rooms.

THE woman who gets the title of the "perfect hostess" not only has a flair for entertaining but a flair for detail, too. She knows when to entertain her guests and when to let them entertain themselves. She is proud of her guest rooms, of their gay chintz curtains, gleaming taps, towels to match the colour scheme. You will find that such a paragon will not have forgotten soap in a perfume or colour to tone with the room, too. Bronnley help her, for they have recently issued guest sizes of their No. 123 Turtle Oil Soap. The small size is made in the same perfumes as the toilet and bath sizes. You can choose Verbena for the yellow room, and honeysuckle for the rose room; lavender soap is wrapped in blue transparent wrapping and gardenia in orange. If one of your rooms is green and cream you have a choice of Santal, which is a deep creamy colour, or English Fern, in a green wrapper. One dozen assorted tablets in a box costs 4s., and can be bought practically everywhere.



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GOLDEN RETRIEVER
Property of Lady Tweeddale

hard and unrelenting work produced this result. Also to the members of the committee who worked loyally and well (I can say this, as I was away most of the time and did no work at all!) It was unanimously agreed to hold our Open Show next year in March, and at Olympia, if possible. There is no doubt the change of date helped to the success as there are no important shows in the south at that time of year, and exhibitors and dogs are still fresh. Also the policy of the association with regard to the classification was justified. The gate was excellent, and there were practically no complaints at all. Altogether we can congratulate ourselves on a result which shows that, in spite of the times we live in "there's life in the old dog yet."

The Golden Retriever is a particularly handsome dog, he has a disposition which matches his appearance, being kindly, intelligent and devoted. He has lately come to the fore as a worker, and has done specially well in trials. Lady Tweeddale has a strong kennel of working Golden Retrievers, all her brood bitches are good workers, besides being winners of prizes at shows. One of them, Stubbings Golden Dream, was awarded the prize for the best bitch at the Golden Retriever Club Show in 1936. A dog, Yester Beam, is holder of a cup for the best dog in water at the trials at Yester in 1937, so it can be seen what

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

A meeting of the executive took place on April 13, when the accounts of our last show were submitted. These accounts showed a profit on the show, a wonderful achievement, when we think of the times we are living in and our grateful thanks are due to Lady Burton, Mrs. Nagle and Mrs. Pye, who by their

sort of dogs are inmates of this kennel. The photograph is of a seven months-old puppy, who is most promising, sired by the winner of the Gold Cup at Crufts in 1939. Lady Tweeddale usually has promising youngsters bred from the best working strains, trained or younger for sale.

The Poodle is a very old-established breed. He was well known in France in the seventeenth century, and has always had a large following on account of his intelligence. Poodles are reputed to be able to learn anything. Any one who has seen Leo of Piperscroft in obedience tests will remember the zest with which he



CH. BELLMEAD DELEGATE
Property of the Bellmead Kennels

did them; there was no lesson there, he knew what a clever fellow he was! The photograph is of a miniature Poodle from the same kennel, a big winner, and deservedly so from his picture Mrs. Boyd has a large and famous kennel of Poodles, large and miniature, all colours. There are usually puppies and adults for sale, all of the best possible breeding.

The Bellmead Kennels are well known as a training school for kennel maids, where all branches are taught, and is among the largest boarding kennels in the country. They also specialize in Dandies, and many winners have come from there. The photograph is of the famous dog Ch. Bellmead Delegate. Delegate was the best Dandie at Crufts in 1937, 1938 and 1939, a record for the breed.

Letters to Miss Bruce, "Nuthooks," Cadnam Southampton.

We regret that the acknowledgment "Canis' Dog Features Co." was omitted under the photograph of White Pekinese in our issue of April 19.



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Property of Mrs. Boyd



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JAY'S

REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
(CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS)

Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 219)

and had a turn up with their outposts. Next day the fort (Naini, the name was) was knocked endways, also the protecting works up on a very high ridge (young mountain) behind it at which the M.B.—commanded by one Fuller, made some very good shooting, as I remember very well. "Bubble" and "Squeak" came out from Gyantse to co-operate and that evening the whole little shooting match marched into the semi-beleaguered town to the accompaniment of much jangling from the *Jingals* in the Jong. Anyway, bar the sufferings of the wretched mules from sore backs—simply terrible—there was no more interference with the lines from what Thomas Atkins called the blinkin' Tybets, really very nice, intensely dirty and good-natured. But as will be realized, Sir Francis might have been in a pickle. They could have rushed the Residency quite easily if they had had the guts.

So far as the scrapping on the way up, and afterwards, it was rather a comic-opera show. "The Tybets" had no ideas about night sniping or trying to come in with the knife over the wire. One of their favourite games was to congregate at night and howl like wild beasts—species unspecified—with the object of instilling terror. The sentries never even loosed off at them. Most of the time I lived with the "Forty Thieves" (40th Pathans), who were taken up by that nice chap, "Pip" Burne, till the C.O. caught up with us, for we were going double marches. We had a wing of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, the rest of the 8th Gurkhas, a couple of mountain batteries and some oddments of machine-gun detachments, one, I think, from the 2nd Gurkhas. We also had some mounted infantry on animated

hearth-rugs called ponies, the men being drawn mostly from various frontier regiments.

There was also a packet of mule corps, donkey corps and some yaks who died like flies, because there was not much grazing. The corpses came in handy later, because when we were rather short—extremely empty, in fact—the Pathan cooks sent a mule and some ropes out and towed one or two stiffs into camp at Gyantse. They had only died from sheer exhaustion, poor old moocows, and the cold had kept them quite sweet! Anyway, we had rather keen appetites and thought those beefsteaks very good fun.

There were one or two other disadvantages: shaving and bathing were a trial. The wind was a bit more than fresh and came with a howl and bite like a wolf: the sun fried the skin off your face, especially your nose, and the dust was very unpleasant and mostly unclean. The rum we got was not exactly liqueur quality: it tasted generally of kerosene oil. "Pip" Burne tried to concoct some rum punch. It was not a startling success. The commissariat sugar and the commissariat lime juice very inferior, and looked very like the grease they put in the axle boxes of railway trains. Most people tried to keep themselves tidy and good-looking, but beards look funny on most people, especially when they are not very good beards. Quite a lot of us looked like that funny tramp cyclist, Joe Jackson.

Turning again to the political side, all this happened at about the time when the Curzon-Kitchener tension was on. All the soldiers were for L., and all the civilians for the Viceroy, and I think that the atmosphere rather leaked over into that Tibet expedition; but so far as I was personally concerned, I liked it, because it was a bit of an adventure.



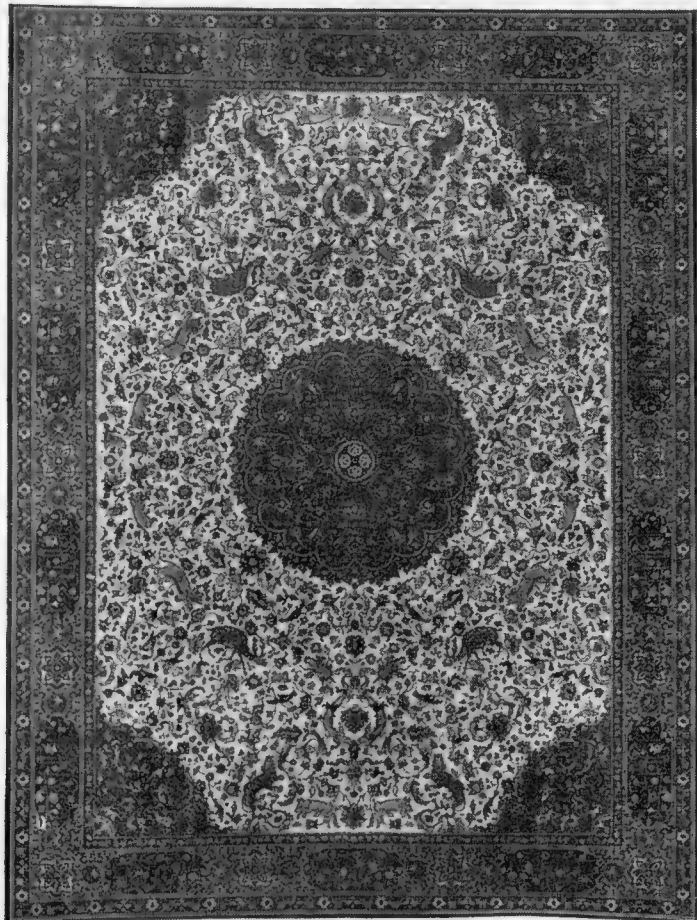
FRED RIMELL AND FAMILY

Truman Howell

Fred is at the moment two ahead of his brother-in-law Gerry Wilson, for the jumping jockey championship, so anyway, however it goes, it looks as if it were bound to be in the family. Picture taken at Severn Stoke. Age of little heir Gerry, six months

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CVS-307

At the Ritz and the Carlton



Lady Bartlett and the Hon. Mrs. Pat. Balfour at the Ritz.

Lunching at the Ritz Hotel the other day I saw two very chic members of the 'young married set', lovely, vivacious Lady Bartlett, granddaughter of the late Lily Langtry, and the exotic Hon. Mrs. Patrick Balfour. Both were chatting gaily over a glass of plain Martini Vermouth and told me lots of interesting points about the excellent health effects of drinking Vermouth. How it adds zest to a meal and is good for slimming.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares at the Carlton Grill.

Here's a happy picture of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares enjoying plain Martini Vermouth, their favourite meal-time drink, in the Carlton Grill. I noticed that aptly situated immediately behind their table is the Regency panel depicting Mrs. Siddons as Elvira, at Drury Lane Theatre. An apt drink, too, for an actor whose strenuous parts demand buoyant health.

MV 28a



Martini Vermouth "In a glass by itself"—that is *the* drink in 1939, when people are becoming more and more health-conscious! You see, the aromatic herbs which give to Martini Vermouth its unique bouquet and flavour are one of nature's greatest contributions to health. I am told that they tone up the stomach and digestive organs, thus ensuring perfect assimilation of food which keeps the figure youthful and slim. So—next time, say "a plain Martini Vermouth, please!"



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for supreme quality**

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Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 224)

thought that her one glaring fault is a tendency at present, when her opponents creep up and level the score at one set all, to fall back on stonewalling methods, rather than to increase her pace, as Suzanne Lenglen was wont to do, in a moment of crisis. But I am saying that her execution is astonishingly mature, her racket always held at the right angle, her feet always in place, her anticipation extraordinarily sure. And once again, I must repeat how pleasant it is to watch someone who gives one the impression that she is playing the game for pure enjoyment, and not for the prizes. I do hope most sincerely, that some of the older stars will not be able to impose their mental approach to the game upon her fresh spontaneity before this season is over, or in any of the seasons yet to come. But I do not think so, somehow, myself. She is too serene and too wise. It is much more likely that she will impose her will upon them, as she did in her match with Miss Margot Lumb, who even when she had made an opening for herself, was quite unable to take advantage of it, as when she had an easy smash to give her the first set and made a hopeless mess of it. Poor Miss Lumb was floundering about as though she was still in the squash court, but it is early days yet, and no doubt she will regain her form of last summer, just as one hopes most sincerely that Miss Ingram and Miss Dearman, who were but a shadow of their former selves at Melbury, will be able later on to secure more than four games, which, alas, was all that they could snatch this time from Miss Nuthall and Miss Nicoll.

By the time these words appear in print, all the ladies will be playing each other again at Bournemouth in the Hard Court Championships, and I refuse to make any prophecies about their ultimate chances of success, because of that psychological or physiological defect in their make-up, to which I have already referred. Now Sir Herbert Wilberforce refuses to make any allowance for it. He thinks the ladies should be subjected to the same canons of criticism as the men. And in a way, I agree with him, for though it may be the fashion this year to be feminine and sweet on the surface, and Alice Marble may have taken to crooning, underneath one cannot help sensing the same tigerish delight in victory, and the same gloating eagerness to defeat a rival in the ranking list.

However, Mr. Wallis Myers is more tolerant. Indeed, he has a very weak spot in his own make-up for the weaknesses of the ladies on court. So much so, that during Melbury's tournament, he filled his daily column I noticed, almost entirely with accounts of female participation. So much so, again, that I heard several people suggest that it was unkind of him to give so little notice to the men. But the answer to that is: what exploits of the men players so far this season, are worth chronicling? Would you yourself praise at great length, the fact that Nigel Sharpe and E. D. Andrews waged a marathon and monotonous struggle for nearly two hours, which seemed like two years, as they unimaginatively passed the ball backwards and forwards from the base line? Would you put on record that Mr. Ronald Shayer could only secure four games from Mr. Robert Higgin, who has been training this winter for another season by taking long bicycle rides through unknown parts of London? Would you suggest that Mr. Donald McPhail considerably increased his chances of being played in our Davis Cup Team this year by putting out two of the New Zealanders, Malfroy and Brown, followed by a fellow Englishman, in the person of Mr. Deloford?

I would be inclined to suggest that myself, except that he cracked so badly in the final against charming Mr. Choy, from China, who I should not be surprised in turn to see notching up a point for his own country in their tie with France. But this I do suggest most emphatically, that Mr. George Godsell was scurvily treated in not being placed in the ranking list last year, considering the number of the players who did appear in that list, whom he has defeated. He celebrated his return to this country after six months in America, star-gazing at Hollywood, by winning the North of England Championship at Scarborough, and at Melbury not losing a set till the semi-final, where surely he should have defeated Choy, after winning the first set and leading six-five in the second. Unfortunately, at this moment, his concentration was distracted by a butterfly that came zig-zagging across his court. He pursued it with the racket that should have been facing Mr. Choy. My own reaction is that such a pretty and unusual visitor must have been attracted by Mr. Godsell's wonderful Californian sports attire, with its peaked jockey cap, its white vest with its blue sailor insertion at the neck, and, above all, its lower garment that reminded me of that saying that if shorts get shorter, they will not be allowed any longer.

And that reminds me in turn, that in a lull of listening to Sir Herbert Wilberforce's strictures, I overheard several spectators discussing what some of their fellow players might do to earn an honest living, now that the L.T.A. were proving so tiresome about cashing-in prize vouchers. Why don't they start a tennis laundry, one exclaimed. What a good idea, I thought, looking out at the courts and the flannels of the men, which in so many cases remind you of the first picture in the advertisement for Persil, isn't it? Anyway, I pass on the suggestion for what it is worth, and if you would like a list of clients among the players who should patronize you, just drop me a line!

G. W.

2 - LITRE



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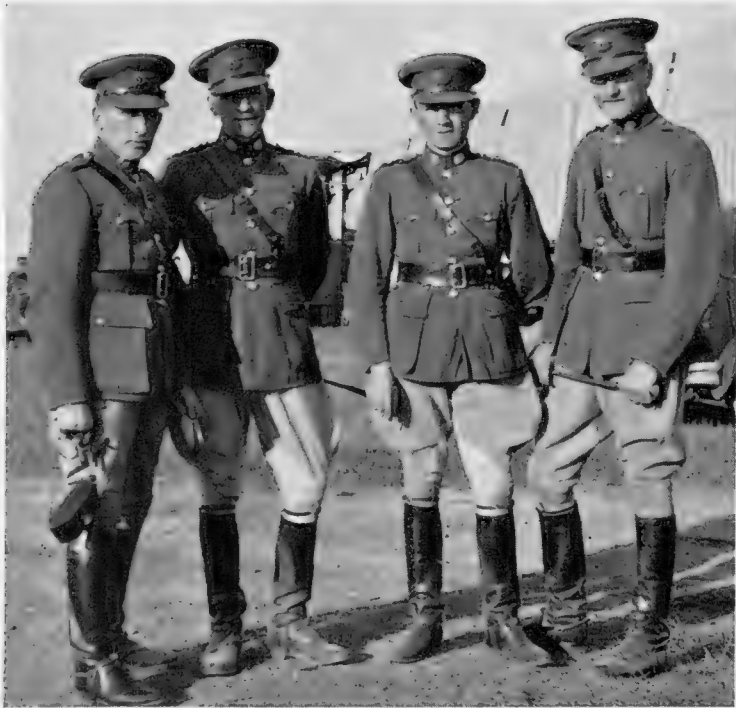
A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads 'Cecil Kimber'.

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AT THE NICE HORSE SHOW



THE IRISH TEAM

Left to right: Captain Corry (Captain), Captain Lewis, Lieutenant O'Neill and Lieutenant De Staic



THE ENGLISH TEAM

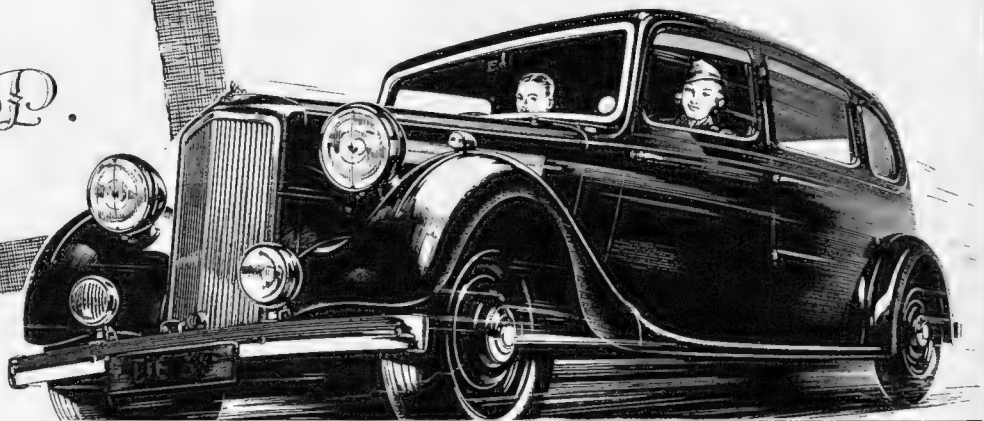
Left to right: Captain W. F. Butler, Major J. C. Friedberger, Major R. B. Sheppard, Major M. I. Ansell and Lieutenant S. R. Jenkins

The Irishmen had a great time at Nice, and the information received is that they won four cups and then, like the English team, went on to Rome where the opposition the invaders have to tackle is bound to be pretty hot as the Italian cavalry rather specialize in show jumping. The international situation, tense as it is in all conscience, will not, let us hope, interfere with things where these jumping contests are concerned. As to the English team, Captain Butler is in the 13th/18th Hussars, Major Friedberger is R.H.A., Major Sheppard, 7th Hussars and Chief Instructor at Weedon, Major Ansell is 5th D.G.'s and Lieutenant Jenkins in the 4th/7th D.G.'s. Lieutenant Jenkins, riding Cheddar, won the Swiss Cavalry Cup. In the Coupe des Etrangers the English team were only one point behind France, the winners

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Here is an invitation. The makers of the New Sixteen Armstrong Siddeley are so convinced that they have in this model a car with a performance completely out of the commonplace, that they wish you to prove this car for yourself, without the slightest obligation. They want you to enjoy the experience of driving a

car from which all feeling of mechanical effort has been eliminated — to experience its brilliant acceleration — its uncanny silence. Write or call at any Armstrong Siddeley Agent, or at the Company's Works, or London showrooms, 10, Old Bond Street, when a demonstration of this impressive car will gladly be arranged.

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Brilliant performance . . . the thrill of speed with the confidence of absolute safety; fine coachwork and appointments; spacious comfort and the inherent character and distinction which the Humber Imperial Sports Saloon provides, can be yours for an outlay far less than its qualities would suggest.

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An Outstanding TWELVE

THAT SAVES IN FIRST COST ALONE
ENOUGH TO PAY TAX AND PART
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EXPERTS are agreed that the Vauxhall 12-four has the best all-round specification. Yet it costs from £16 to nearly £60 less than any other British "Twelve." So that even against the cheapest competitive model, you save enough, *on first cost alone*, to make a big hole in a full year's tax and insurance. In addition, a petrol consumption of 35 m.p.g. with normal driving means that you go on saving.



STANDARD SALOON

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DE LUXE SALOON
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The Vauxhall 12-four has smart, modern lines; is roomy and comfortable. It is a top gear car, always having power in reserve, which means easier driving, safer driving, and less strain. It has the special Vauxhall system of independent suspension. If you are used to ordinary springing, please try a Vauxhall 12-four. Your Dealer will gladly arrange, without obligation, a trial run in a car fitted with a special test tank so that you can check petrol consumption at the same time.

VAUXHALL

MECHANICAL FEATURES INCLUDE: All-steel chassis-less construction; independent springing; controlled synchromesh; hydraulic brakes; "controlled flame" combustion chambers; six-phase carburation; fully counter-weighted crankshaft; compensated voltage control.

EQUIPMENT INCLUDES: twin mechanical windscreen wipers; rear side arm rests; body conformity front seats; luggage boot at rear; leather upholstery. On de luxe Saloons (£198) no-draught ventilation, sliding roof, central disappearing arm rest to rear seat, etc.

There are other Vauxhalls of 10 h.p., 14 h.p. and 25 h.p. at prices from £163 to £630. Available on convenient terms. A postcard to Vauxhall Motors, Luton, Beds. (Luton 2600) will bring unusual and interesting literature.

DEPENDABILITY — PERFORMANCE — COMFORT — ECONOMY

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 232)

or A.22 (Eastbourne) in huge and obvious lettering it would help no end.

At night our plight is still more hopeless, because few signs are properly illuminated. And when it comes to looking for the name of a street one might just as well leave the car and call a taxi. For the marking of street names is neither co-ordinated, continuous nor legible. The names are often stuck high up on the walls, invisible at night and varied in their relationship to the roadway. Numbers of houses either don't exist or are difficult to pick out, especially at night. Instead of this hotch-potch arrangement let's have large size, uniform, well-lit street names set at a fixed height and in a standard position relative to the roadway and corner.

* * *

Tent, Sleeping Car or Caravan?

It has always surprised me that the sleeping car has not made more progress in this country. A Ford utility van, for instance, would provide bags of room for two bunks and the usual camping equipment. But the tent seems a more popular habitat and the caravan sells by the hundred. Styles range from a 6 cwt. affair that an Austin, Morris or Standard "Eight" can easily deal with, to eighteen feet monsters fitted with bath, gas, wireless and electric lighting. The caravanner is a matey sort of chap and may even have built or designed the thing himself. There was a rally of these vehicles at Cheltenham the other day. One entrant showed a van which he could turn into a pagoda, floodlit and decorated with Japanese lanterns. Another competitor had a collapsible caravan worked by hydraulic jacks.

The success of a camping or caravan holiday depends on the feminine element. Some women seem to imagine that a motor tour should be a holiday and not a replica of the usual household duties minus a

staff to help them. Others enjoy the catering, cooking and tidying up that support a caravan existence. This wandering scribe's car camping adventures were peculiar. At great expense the front seats of a car were made to fold back and line up with the rear seat so as to form a bed. The result was a ridge and furrow formation inimical to rest. As it rained continuously, everything became wet and the only way of drying clothes and linen was to fix them inside the bonnet and



VAUXHALL MOTORS A.R.P. VOLUNTEERS
RECEIVE BADGES

Wing-Commander Hodson, Inspector-General A.R.P., making the presentation at the dinner to Vauxhall Motors' A.R.P. Volunteers, Mr. C. J. Bartlett, Managing Director Vauxhall Motors, and on the left is the Right Honourable Leslie Burgin, Minister of Supply. An indication of the toll levied on industry by A.R.P. is indicated by the £100,000 being spent by Vauxhall Motors, Limited. Wing-Commander Hodson saw demonstrations of fire, first aid and decontamination at the Vauxhall Works, Luton, the other day, afterwards inspecting the trench system and the training headquarters. Already provision has been made for accommodating 6,500 employees in the trench system at a cost of approximately £20,000. This is to be extended to accommodate 9,000

start the engine. On one occasion his tea was made with paraffin instead of water. On another, the outfit had to pack up and move on at 2 a.m. owing to the untiring attention of midges.

* * *

Trip to America.

This year's American trip organized by the Junior Car Club and Autocheques should be an entertaining affair. It occupies from June 17 to July 18 and embraces visits to World's Fair, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and sightseeing at famous beauty spots such as the Skyline mountain route, Shenandoah Valley and National Park. Then there's a visit to the races on the Indianapolis speedway. A look round the Chrysler works follows calls at Chicago and Detroit. Niagara, Mohawk Trail, Lebanon Mountains and Berkshire Hills are other high spots in a trail which ends at Boston. The all-in cost ranges from eighty-nine guineas per person, and there's a week's extension to Canada for an extra fifteen guineas.

In this case people take their own cars, which means a certain expenditure on their transport. If one planned a tour of America independently, it would probably be cheaper to buy a new or used car over there, do the trip and sell the car. I'm told you can buy a brand new eighty-mile-an-hour outfit for under £100, that petrol is ridiculously cheap, something like a shilling a gallon, and that if you use the road houses and camping stations in the famous touring districts, accommodation is inexpensive though simple.



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Air Eddies—(Continued from page 230)

think it must be said that in this matter the heavens help those that help themselves. You remember that at the opening of the gliding contest at Dunstable last year the first thing that happened was the breaking of the world two-seater sailplane endurance record.

Result: Dunstable across the front page everywhere. This year, just as the Air Defence Cadet Corps camps start, Mr. G. H. Stephenson succeeds in soaring across the Channel after being launched at Dunstable. It is a remarkable feat and coming now, at the beginning of the season it should give soaring a flying start—or, should I say, give gliding a soaring start?

Incidentally another piece of enterprise on the part of the London Gliding Club was its speed record in setting up living quarters for the Air Defence Cadets. I believe I am right in saying that the building was planned, passed by the local council, erected and finished all in four days! Would that our Government would take a lesson from this sort of energy and enthusiasm. But, by the way, I should mention that the gliding clubs are in no way responsible for the housing and feeding of the Cadets during these camps. That responsibility rests entirely on the Air League. This building was set up for the Air League, but the work was done by the London Club.

Optimism.

Personally I find that the factitious optimism of some newspapers is the most effective emetic I have ever known. They strain the news quite from its context so as to be able to wear the sick-making smile of the confidence trickster. Business men must be excused for being optimistic even to the



VERY ENGLISH—THIS!

William Freeman, sole survivor of the St. Ives lifeboat disaster in January of this year, with Mrs. Tom Lisle, the fisher-wife of Cullercoats, who received the Lifeboat Gold Badge for collecting for fourteen years. Lifeboatmen from all parts of England and from the Isle of Aran congregated in London to receive medals and other awards for gallantry from H.R.H. the Duke of Kent at the Central Hall, Westminster

verge of damaging the country's interests in the process, but the newspapers cannot be excused. For newspaper optimism is not assumed to boost newspaper business, but other people's business in the hopes of obtaining a favourable ricochet. Even so, I do find recently in the matter of our air preparedness good grounds for limited satisfaction.

Figures have been flying round about the present British military aircraft production rate. It is not in the national interest to give such figures even as a guess, but I can say that they show that our rate has been more than trebled in the year. Moreover the present rate is a lot better than anybody has publicly estimated as yet either in this country or abroad. If we keep up the pace for long enough, we shall soon be able to claim that we are really strong in the air.

Golf—(Continued from page 202)

in the final of the Ladies' Championship, though I fancy that the course must have been a far different proposition in those days. Since the alterations carried out a few years ago with the object of attracting the open championship to Southport, Birkdale measures 6,700 yards. On a calm summer evening it can be comparatively simple but when the wind begins to blow across the sandhills it ties the best of them in knots.

In the county championship, perhaps you noticed, only four times was eighty broken. One or two of them were blown into the century, while nineties were commonplace. What makes Birkdale so severe is the targeted undergrowth bordering so many of the fairways.

Many's the time I have been in this stunted scrub and felt only too delighted at the chance of playing out sideways to safety.

LAGONDA

... Past and Present

There are *still* some who associate Lagonda with speed alone—such motorists are not living in the present.

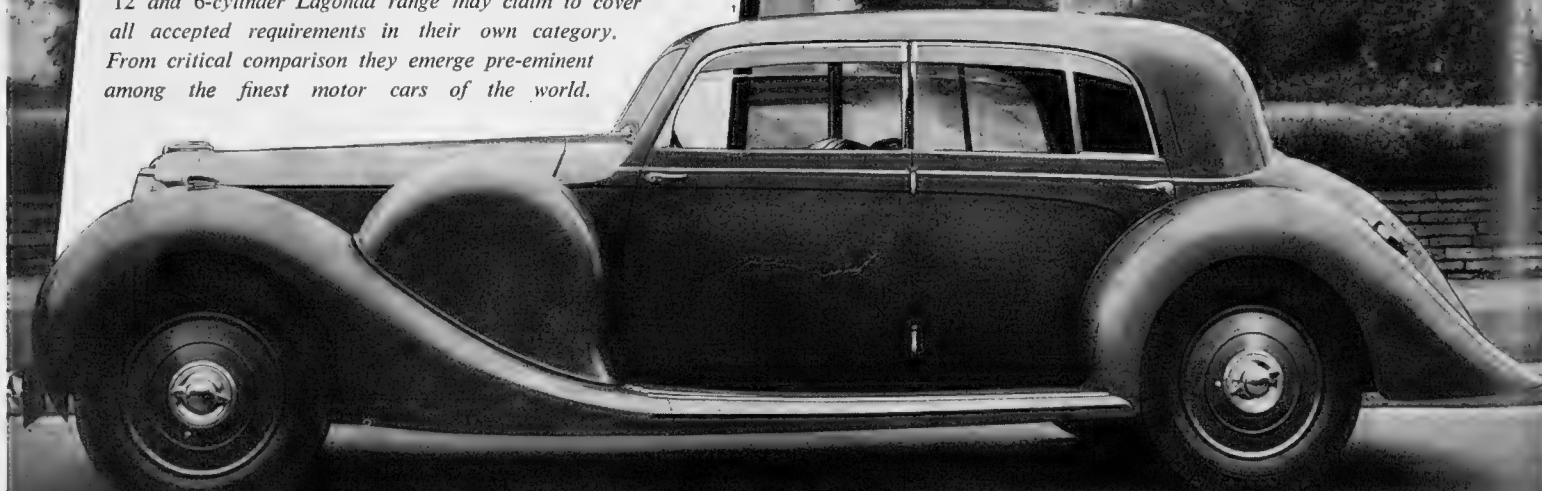
The fact is that Lagonda is probably the fastest standard motor car of genuine touring dimensions. It is, besides, one of the quietest, most tractable and best sprung cars yet made. Such a rare combination of desirable characteristics has never previously been available in any one car at any price.

Indeed the three wheelbases and six body types offered by the 12 and 6-cylinder Lagonda range may claim to cover all accepted requirements in their own category.

From critical comparison they emerge pre-eminent among the finest motor cars of the world.

Twelve Cylinder Lagonda Saloon
(11' w.b. chassis) ... £1,600

Six Cylinder Lagonda Saloon
(11' 3½" w.b. chassis) ... £1,270



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PIMM'S
No. 1



Here's the bottle! 12/6—
and it makes 7 pints.

The long drink
with a click in it

The Only Way—(Continued from page 228)

"Right-o!" said Hartley. "Carry on, Bill."

A sharp report and the scream of a shell followed. Through the junior subaltern's field-glasses the captain watched it strike; it was beautifully placed just on the water-line, about the forward part of No. 2 hatch, he reckoned. The shell from the other gun burst well abaft the lower bridge; it was an extremely good attempt at one of the after-holds. The launches and sampans which had been lying around the *Eversfield* were scuttling for safety as hard as propellers and oars could take them.

Two or three more shells thudded into the burning steamer till Hartley gave orders to cease fire; then the little group high up in the fort waited for the result. They had not to wait long. The *Eversfield* heeled slowly over toward them, and it seemed to the gunner officers she was about to capsize.

"It'll rather complicate matters if she rolls over on to her side, skipper," Hartley cried.

"She won't," the captain said, with the confidence begotten of his experience in the War. "They always do that to begin with, then the water in the holds finds its level and they straighten up again. See!"

There was little of the *Eversfield's* black hull showing now, and the smoke clouds were dying down to be replaced by a volume of white steam. Slowly the steamer righted herself, then settled down; the lower bridge with its line of boats disappeared beneath the wavelets. She stopped sinking; both smoke and steam cleared away, and they



AT THE WESTMINSTER HOMES COCKTAIL PARTY

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys and Lady Diana Cooper listening to the admirable speech in support of the coming gala performance of *Me and My Girl* on May 25 at the Victoria Palace in aid of the Homes made by the Rt. Hon. Duff Cooper at Lady Diana Cooper's house

could see plainly the upper bridge with its naked awning spars and chart-room standing just above the water; half the funnel and the masts were also showing, and the red burgee and house flag still blew out from the trucks.

"Well, that's done, and thank you very much," said the captain. "She's lying comfortably in eleven fathoms of water, and she's on a level bottom."

"And I devoutly hope I won't be court-martialled," Hartley retorted.

"Not you; you'll be promoted," the captain said cheerfully.

"You're a ruddy optimist," Hartley cried, with a grin. "Come along and have some tiffin."

"I'm sorry I haven't got time for that. I've got to get along and cable my owners, then arrange to get my crew into the Sailors' Home; afterwards I'll have to interview all sorts of probably unpleasant people, who will be wondering where the devil I've got to."

"Would you like to interview the general officer commanding the station among the others?"

"No, thanks, partner; I'll leave that to you," the captain chuckled. "But, before I push off, I'll have that drink you offered me."

Hartley was not promoted—just then; but he was complimented. Two days afterwards preparations began for raising the *Eversfield*—a by no means difficult operation. Before she put to sea again—fitted with some new steel plates and transverse frames where her hull was damaged, and entirely seaworthy—she discharged 250,000 cases of kerosene in perfect condition. The underwriters of both ship and cargo were delighted, and the captain received tangible proof of it. At the next board meeting held in the owners' office the chairman informed his brother directors that the company was extremely fortunate in having as commander of the *Eversfield* a young shipmaster of quite outstanding initiative and resource.

THE END

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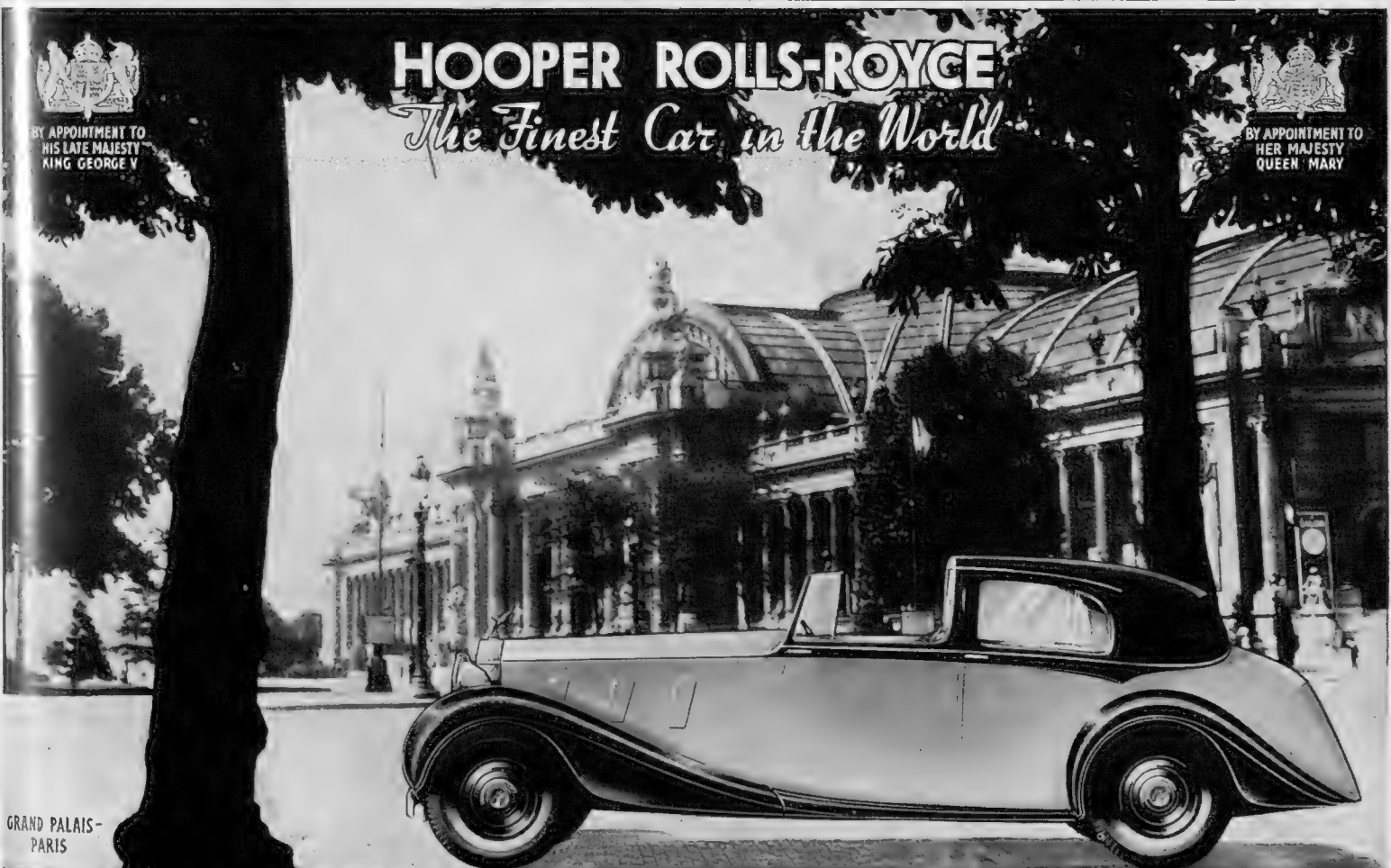


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394. Strapless brassiere "CORSAGE" strengthened with light whalebones, cut deep for diaphragm control. 12/11

WAIST SLIMMING.

708. High cut belt-stretching when worn to 19", made from CAPRICE elastic net, front and back hemstitched in satin elastic, two detachable bones and side bones. Detachable suspenders. 27/6

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14, Heddon Street, Regent Street, London, W.1. (Wholesale only)

What the Tatler Says:

The New Slim Waistline

IT is many years since women have desired a "slim" waistline. Today it is essential, and so is the brassiere which is innocent of shoulder straps. Warmly to be congratulated are "Caprice" on their Bra "Corsage." Among its manifold advantages are that: (1) it achieves nature's perfectly proportioned bust; (2) it gives faultless form and natural youthful uplift; (3) it is innocent of shoulder straps; (4) it is supported by the lightest of whalebones, giving splendid control; (5) it accentuates the fashionable narrow waistline. Should it be found necessary to tighten the waist further there is the "Reminiscent" belt, which has been called the "Waist's good companion." The good work it performs cannot be over-estimated. It is a simple matter to convert a rather unattractive figure into a perfectly poised, graceful and fashionable one with the aid of the Caprice trio, the step-in belt, which cares for the abdomen, the Bra "Corsage," with no shoulder straps, which protects the bust, and the "Reminiscent," the waist's good companion. These all-important foundation garments are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Caprice, 14, Heddon Street, London, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent.



Hay Wrightson

MISS PATRICIA INSTONE

Who is engaged to Mr. John Curry, only son of the late Thomas Walton Curry and of Mrs. Curry, Rodney Court, London. Miss Instone is the daughter of the late Sir Samuel Instone and of Lady Instone, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park

Haigh, The Highland Light Infantry, eldest son of the late Engineer-Captain F. E. Percy Haigh, C.B., R.N., and Mrs. Haigh, Isle of Wight, and Margery Edith, eldest daughter of Arthur T. Wall, O.B.E., M.Inst.C.E., and Mrs. Wall, Cowes, Isle of Wight; Mr. H. M. Wilson, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, younger son of the late Colonel William B. Wilson, 12th Bengal Cavalry, and Mrs. Wilson, Dunster, Somerset, and Moya Anne, younger daughter of Captain Walker P. Koe, Royal Navy, and the Hon. Mrs. Koe, Corhampton, Meonstoke, Hants.; Mr. L. C. Thomas, elder son of the Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Thomas, The Rectory, Bootle, Cumberland, and Maisie Gabrielle, the younger daughter of Sir Leonard and Lady Coates, St. Mary's, Weetwood Lane, Leeds; Mr. W. H. S. Garnett, Radmore, Dorington, Shrewsbury, and Mary

WEDDINGS
AND
ENGAGEMENTS

A Wedding in Bermuda.

Lieutenant H. N. E. Kemball, Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Exeter*, is marrying Miss Margaret Sykes, in Bermuda, on May 8.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. J. G. Bedford, only son of Major and Mrs. C. S. Bedford, of Old Slensingford Hall, Ripon, Yorkshire, and Jacqueline Sylvia, daughter of Sir John and Lady Fox, of Girsby Manor, Lincoln; Captain E. J. Tonson-Rye, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, only child of Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Tonson-Rye, D.S.O., and Mrs. Tonson-Rye, Inverness-shire, and Rosemary Hilda, only child of the late Guy F. Hughes and Mrs. Hughes, The Bury, Manuden, Bishop's Stortford; Mr. E. G. C.



Lennox

MISS SUZANNE COOKE

The only daughter of Brigadier-General B. H. Cooke, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Cooke, of Queen Anne's Cottage, Windsor, who is to marry Mr. A. N. A. Boyd, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Boyd, Woodside Cottage, Windsor Forest



Douglas

MISS ROSEMARY WELTON

The elder daughter of Edward Welton, of Knightsbridge Court, and the late Mrs. Welton, who is engaged to Mr. Mark Palmer, the only son of the late Godfrey Mark Palmer, M.P., J.P., of Grinkle Park, Loftus, Saltburn, Yorkshire

Brigadier-General C. Rankin, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Pauline Sinclair Haggie, eldest daughter of the late Oswald Sinclair Haggie, and of the late Mrs. G. M. Knight, of The Glebe House, Stanway, Gloucestershire; Surgeon-Lieutenant F. H. Lamb, R.N., elder son of the Reverend F. E. and Mrs. Lamb, of Cuddington Vicarage, Worcester Park, and Barbara, daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Berry, of Merrowdowns, Guildford; Lieutenant V. S. Bracegirdle, R.A.N., elder son of Captain Leighton Seymour Bracegirdle, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A.N., and Mrs. Bracegirdle, of Government House Cottage, Canberra, Australia, and Eve, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Slingsby Bethell, Church Place, Brighton; Mr. J. S. S. Prest, R.A., and Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of Hurn, Hants



Kay Vaughan

MISS JEAN REID

The younger daughter of the late Sir Marshall Reid, C.I.E., and Lady Reid, of Belton, Surrey, who is engaged to Mr. L. J. Graham-Clarke, Coldstream Guards, the only son of Captain and Mrs. J. Graham-Clarke, of Frocester Manor, Gloucester

Olivia, only daughter of the Hon. William and Mrs. Sidney, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1. Mr. R. Corbet Ward, the Colonial Administration Service, elder son of Major and Mrs. Corbet Ward, St. Michael's Road, Bedford, and Joan Madeline, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Goldsworthy, of Kenya Colony; Mr. H. C. Devitt, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Howson F. Devitt, of Longspring Wood, Sevenoaks, and Elisabeth Carola, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fairholme, of Burkes Corner, Beaconsfield; Colonel H. H. Dean, Chief Instructor, Gunnery Wing, Armoured Fighting Vehicle School, son of the late Mr. E. H. Dean and of Mrs. Dean, of Wellington, New Zealand, and Henzel Muriel, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Conroy, of Kirkconnell House, Bathurst, New South Wales; Captain W. Rankin, only son of



Hay Wrightson

MISS O. BATLEY

Who is engaged to Mr. Colin Lear, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lear, of Gloucester. Miss Batley is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Batley, of Mathon, Tenbury

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SEA CHRYSALIDS

(Fitting-out time in the Yacht-yards)

By A. M. HARBORD

A tortoise, slow and restful inhabitant of a Bursledon garden, creeps, half-inch by half-inch, from a cranny under the wall; on a sunlit spray a Painted Lady, freshly emerged from the shell of her pupal stage, spreads and stretches her crumpled but gleaming wings. The early year brings many hidden things out to the light from winter hiding places.

Away and below, across the dusty lane and beyond the smoothly cultivated strawberry fields where the river winds among the flats, something creeps slowly, foot by foot, from a mass of sheds and buildings, draws clear and stops in the sunlight: the "Yard" is awake after its winter quiescence.

Go down there and you will find a happy world of activity, wrapped in affairs of its own. There are craftsmen, shipwrights, grizzled and wrinkled men in dirty-white aprons, their capacious front pockets sagging with the weight of curious tools; there is a chief mechanic who spends his life head downwards in the bilges of small yachts, there are paint-stained and harassed boys.

The hull that crept tortoise-like from the sheds stands high on chocks. A rickety ladder made up of odd pieces stands against her side—why is it that the race of shipwrights, meticulous in all other things, make and use the worst ladders in the world? Up on her deck, there is a rhythmic knocking; an old man sits cross-legged on the deck, a roll of white caulking cotton lying beside him.

Clonk, clonk—ticklish work and skilled, for half a "thread" too much will make things worse, a little too much force behind the long-headed mallet on the broad, blunt



YACHTING IS COMIN' IN

A little harbinger of the sailing season which, let us hope, we are to be allowed in peace and quietness. The little ship belongs to the less ambitious division of pleasure craft

chisel will leave an uneven job for the devilish ingenuity of rain water to find its way through the imperfections to the owner in his bunk beneath, the worst discomfort on the Seven Seas.

From below comes a clink and tinkle and a robust and hearty oath. Fred is tightening up things in the engine room. His spanner has slipped off a nut, out of his hand and into the oily bilges: his knuckles got sharply barked in the process. Half his weight is supported by his left hand on a greasy plunger-block, the rest of it by his right knee-cap on the sharp nuts of the cylinder heads; his face, for a better view, is wedged between the rusty exhaust pipe and the bulkhead. His left leg is hooked round the gear control and the corner of the water tank is jammed into his spine. We cannot help him—there isn't room for a ferret round that engine with Fred there—we can only stand complacently in the sun and listen to him.

Away aft, Old Jack is fitting a new piece into the damaged coaming of the cockpit; his shaking claw of a hand takes up a broad bevel-chisel and steadies to the job. The beautifully kept, gleaming tool shears off a paper-like shaving of brown wood and the air is touched with the rank cheesy smell of newly-cut mahogany. There are smells aplenty, of pitch and raw paint, of burnt Diesel oil from the motor that drives the big saw and above all, keen and inviting, the salty tang from the river flats that lead to the sea.

There is the song of the saw to fill the ear as it spins its way through seasoned oak, there is the piping of mating oyster-catchers high overhead—and there is the everlasting frog-chorus of three-cornered scrapers.

And all this is the breaking of the chrysalis shell, the foreshadowing of the season. Already on a mooring off the jetty lies a delicate little yacht that has passed through to the final stage: she gleams with smooth, bright paint work, the brasses on her decks are brilliant. Her single-handed skipper is amidships, absorbed in "flowing on" that final coat of varnish.

Her new sails, set up with eased halyards and clew-lines, are stretching and drying, gleaming in the sun. The Painted Lady is making ready for the days of her delight



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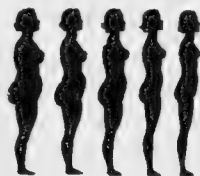
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ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Established in 1867 The Queen's Hospital for Children is the predominant institution in East London for the treatment of sick and injured children. It now has 167 beds and a further 44 at its branch at Bexhill-on-Sea. These are all in constant demand. It provides specialists' services in all branches of medicine and surgery, as well as modern apparatus and appliances. Special departments, including neuro-surgical, psychiatric, ophthalmic, dental, massage, light treatment and X-rays have been established. The northern and eastern districts of London contain an enormous population, which is gradually being rehoused in the same area. This hospital is the children's main health centre and it is essential that its work shall be fully maintained free from the burden of debt. The splendid scheme of extension—urgently needed—and visualized for many years was commenced with but little more than one quarter of the cost in hand. Justification lay in the enormous and increasing demands made upon the services of this—East London's greatest children's hospital. By the date of completion—February, 1939—£37,000 had been collected. The present appeal is for the remaining £30,000 which is an actual debt incurred with the hospital's bankers. Its elimination is urgent, for whilst it remains it must be an expensive deterrent to the invaluable work the hospital is doing.

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith has given her patronage to the great Celts' and Scots' open-air festival which will take place on Whit Saturday, May 27, at All-hallows-on-Sea, Kent. The idea of combining the old and the new in Celtic and Scottish music and dancing originated in the fertile brain of Margaret



E. J. H. DIXON, OXFORD
CRICKET CAPTAIN



P. M. STUDD, CAMBRIDGE
CRICKET CAPTAIN

In last year's Varsity match which ended in a draw E. H. Dixon, who succeeds J. N. Grover as Captain of the Oxford XI made a very good seventy-three in the first innings. Dixon who was at St. Edward's School, Oxford, is now up at the House. P. M. Studd, who is an old Harrovian and now up at Clare takes over the Cambridge XI captaincy from N. W. D. Yardley. The date of this year's Varsity Match is July 1. A hundred matches have been played, Cambridge have won 46, Oxford 38, and 16 were drawn

Morris who started the Celtic Movement Association with a brilliantly successful "night" at the Queen's Hall in February of this year. Whit Saturday's rally will be on an even more ambitious scale, for Ireland and Wales, as well as Scotland and England, will be represented. There will be Scottish pipers and Irish pipers, Welsh singers and harpists. It is hoped that the Hon. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill will again be able to bring down her Dancers of Don, whose contribution to the Queen's Hall programme was one of the outstanding successes. Allhallows is only thirty-six miles from London Bridge.

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £6 10s. to help an aged couple of the middle class. They lost all their capital through a dishonest solicitor, for which cruel fraud the solicitor has now been sent to prison. But in the meantime these poor old dears are suffering many deprivations, anxiety and ill-health. Do please help.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week the successful musical play *Rose Marie* is being presented with Derek Oldham and Billy Merson in their original parts; Tessa Deane is also playing one of the leading rôles. Next week *Good-bye Mr. Chips* will be given with Douglas Matthews in the leading part. Commencing May 15 the successful play *Number Six* will be given with Gordon Harker and Franklin Dyal in their original parts, together with the full cast and production from the Aldwych Theatre. The following week, commencing May 22, Harry Welchman will appear in *The Student Prince*.

In our issue of April 19 we stated that Mr. I. S. R. Hadfield was President of the Surrey Bowling Club, whereas he is President of the Sutton Bowling Club. We wish to apologize for any annoyance this error may have caused.

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GUESTS AT BERTA RUCK'S PARTY: L. TO R., OLIVER ONIONS, MR. BERNARD ROWLAND, FLORA ROBSON AND ANTHONY THORN

A WELCOME-BACK PARTY

The two photographs on this page deal with a very good party which Berta Ruck, the famous novelist, gave recently to welcome home Vicki Baum, the Austrian novelist. Naturally a great many of the artistic world were present. Flora Robson, who plays Ellen in *Wuthering Heights*, is seen on the left in conversation with three of the guests, Oliver Onions, the novelist and ghost expert, Bernard Rowland, the connoisseur of Chinese jade and Anthony Thorn, the author of "Delay in the Sun." Below, the guest of honour, Vicki Baum, is talking to her hostess and son, while on the right is Donald Gray, the film actor, who is playing Lieutenant Burroughs, brother of Ethne, in the *Four Feathers*



ON RIGHT, VICKI BAUM (IN BLACK HAT) CHATTING TO BERTA RUCK AND HER SON. ON EXTREME RIGHT IS DONALD GRAY

Douglas Slombe

Adelaide Grey

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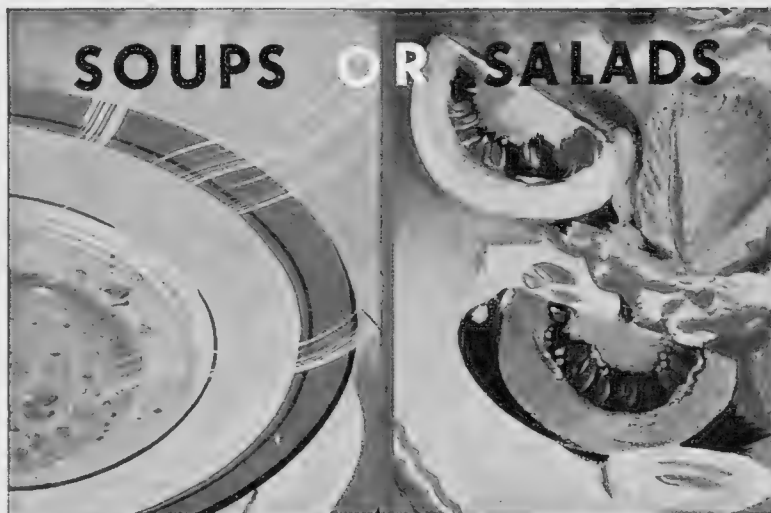
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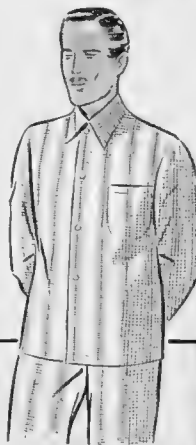
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Truman Howell

MR. GLISSON AND BRIGADIER
C. A. HEYDEMAN AT TIDWORTH

Watching some of the ties for the Blakiston-Houston Cup with which the soldiers at that martial spot, Tidworth, have got off the mark bright and early. Brigadier Heydeman is O.C. 2nd Cavalry Brigade but shortly due for promotion

Thanks to Adolf and Hannibal Caesar Benito we find ourselves in a far more inflammable spot than was the case in 1914 when we got through both the International and the Championship, also the Inter-Regimental before the first gun went off in August. I wonder whether they will be kind enough to wait all that time this year.

POLO NOTES By "SERREFILE"

We have been assured by some of the prophets that the polo season in London is bound to be a somewhat tame and uninteresting one, owing to the incidence of the International in America in which four people will be intimately engaged and another three or four not so intimately. I venture to put it a bit higher, and say that we may not have a very tame time even if it be not concerned with polo. Whether we have a polo or any other kind of season depends upon whether the world is wise or otherwise.

We won the International in America in 1914, when no one gave us much more of a chance than some people give us this year. The 12th Lancers won the Inter-Regimental. They are—at the moment—on the premises and are sure to be fancied to repeat their 1936 performance (the year they were a bit lucky to beat the Navy) and though they will be without their colonel, may start favourites, for we saw what a good team they were last season in that match *v.* The Greys, and also in the semi-final *v.* the 15th/19th Hussars. I am saying now at the moment about the 10th Hussars, but there may be a lot to say later. Team being rebuilt on foundation-stone of C.O. (Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Gairdner). The history of 1914 might repeat itself in all respects, but I hope that it will not in one of them. If peace can be preserved after the corn is cut then we may be safe—but can we even lay any odds on its waiting till then? It is just the spin of a coin—nothing better than that. He would have to be a hyper-optimist who would venture to say more.

If, however, we are to be allowed to pursue the primrose path, I do not think that the International is going to wreck the season, though it may hamper the formation of some of the Championship teams. That contest, anyway, in my opinion, is not the best on the card. The Inter-Regimental is always more intriguing because the teams all represent definite things: those in the Championship are, more often than not, just names of organizations of highly-skilled operators who are banded together for the season, or for that particular adventure. A regimental side is drawn all from one family—a Championship one may be made up of a lot of second cousins and nodding acquaintances—the latter oftener than the former. So that I do not see why we should not have quite a lot of quiet fun—if we are left alone as we want to be. If we are not left alone we shall do exactly as we did in 1914, turn and fight it out right back to the ropes—and win—believe it, Mr. Hannibal! The cost was heavy then; it may well be heavier next time, but the result will be the same and we mean to hit very hard if put to it.

As to the International—if it is not interrupted—we do not yet know as much as we should like to know about our "horse," because, in my view, at the time of writing, he has not been put alongside anything of quite the same class as the "horse" he has got to meet on June 4 and onwards. All that we can say is that our "horse" has gone well against what is virtually the Texas Rangers side which won our Championship last season: Mr. Wrightman, Mr. Cecil Smith, Mr. Eric Pedley (surely not quite in his place at No. 2) and Mr. Elmer Boeske who were played instead of last season's back end Mr. Aidan Roark and Mr. Eric Tyrrell-Martin. The handicap value is the same twenty-eight and our team in U.S.A. has been about thirty-three. Is this quite good enough to stand on, knowing that the U.S.A. first line team will be at least as high-goaled as our own, possibly higher, nearer forty, and we can bet on its being much more formidable than Mr. Wrightman's.

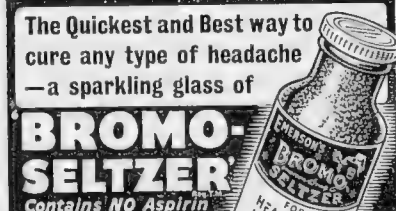
(Continued on page xxxiv)

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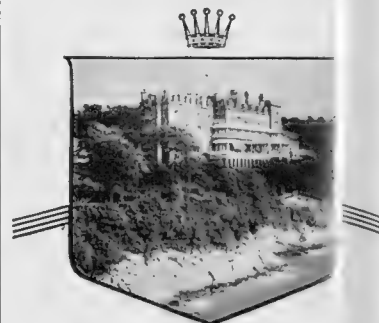
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CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

Polo Notes—(Continued from page xxxiv)

combination. I think these two records may be useful to keep before us:
April 3, 1939.—Hurlingham: Mr. R. Skene (7), Mr. Aidan Roark (8), Mr. Gerald Balding (10), Mr. Tyrrell-Martin (8)=33 *beat*
Western All Stars: Mr. C. B. Wrightsman (3) Mr. Cecil Smith (10), Mr. Eric Pedley (8), Mr. Elmer Boeseke (8)=28. (15 to 7.)
April 10.—(Same goal value, same teams, bar that Mr. H. H. Hughes was played No. 1 in our team instead of Mr. R. Skene).—Hurlingham won by 11 to 10 after dead heat at full time.

In the April 3 match, Mr. Skene got seven out of our fifteen goals; in another match on February 27 he got five out of our eight—we were beaten twelve to eight. We do not know at the moment who will be picked finally for our side, but I suggest that the side of April 3 suggests itself as being the most promising. Mr. Skene rides well and appears to go well on almost anything; Mr. Hughes is not so easy to fit and the practice matches suggest that Mr. Skene is the best choice for No. 1. A very famous polo authority, who insisted upon my preserving his anonymity, wrote to me on September 1 last year, picking our side like this: Mr. R. Skene or Mr. J. Lakin (1), Mr. Aidan Roark or Captain Guinness (2), Mr. Gerald Balding (3), Mr. Tyrrell-Martin (back). Captain Guinness, of course, is not available, being on service in Palestine. I am certain that the eminent authority is not very much off the target, but whether, even so, we have the strength remains to be proven. Neither Mr. Skene nor Mr. Roark have any international experience. However, the whole thing really hangs on "Hannibal" and Pard, for we may have to take them for a ride and bump them off instead of riding off our friendly enemies, the Americans. Many people still do not give our side a dog's chance. I think that that is going to an extreme of pessimism, for there is always a sporting chance in this game, and often goal values do not pan out as anticipated. With the right No. 1 we might even scrape through.



THE 3RD HUSSARS TEAM AT TIDWORTH

Truman Howell

Mechanization be blown: say they and many other cavalry units at Tidworth. This side was a starter in the Blakiston-Houston Cup; concerning which a whole page of more pictures elsewhere

Names in above, (l. to r.): Captain P. H. Labouchere, Captain Sir Douglas Scott, Lieutenant-Colonel G. E. Younghusband and Captain R. Bertram

The shadow of mechanization has been hovering over the cavalry of the Indian Army for some time past, and according to a very excellent review of the past season, written by someone in *The Polo Monthly*, it is getting more threatening. I should have imagined that if there were one spot on earth where real cavalry ought to be preserved, it is India. Listen to this:—

"Every one is asking today, what is the future of polo in India? Mechanization has arrived, and will obviously spread to a large number of Indian cavalry regiments. For the last few years many of the latter have been dependent on their troop horses for their polo. This supply will cease, or, at any rate, become inadequate, and all who want to play polo will have to mount themselves, on private ponies. The highest class tournament pony always has cost money and always will, but embryo high-class ponies can be bought at very moderate prices from the Australian shippers. With time, trouble, and judicious buying, a good stud of ponies can be produced at moderate cost, which should not be beyond the means of the majority of officers, provided they are willing to give up other things. Against this, the market for the good tournament pony is bad at present, and will probably remain so owing to the decrease in numbers of British cavalry regiments in India. Normally, the latter are not in India long enough to do more than buy a few young ponies to augment their studs, which consist to a great extent of made ponies, and have to be bought as such. In addition, on account of the speeding-up of passenger ships, and even more so the air, officers go on leave to England more often than they used to, and find that there is less to spend on polo ponies on their return.

"Several Indian cavalry regiments will probably start a regimental stud of ponies. Expenses and ponies would be pooled, and the latter would be allotted to players for tournaments. This is not a satisfactory method, as it would be very difficult not to sacrifice the moderate player, who is almost as important in regimental polo as the player with a high hundi-cap. On the other hand, if regimental polo is to be kept going, some scheme of this description will probably have to be evolved by regiments. During recent years very few men and promising players have been produced by the Indian States."



let it rain . . .

. . . a quickening patter of rain . . . and the refreshing odour of damp earth. Imagine yourself in a Garden Room, looking out at the rain—still enjoying the air and freshness. Whatever you are doing—reading, having tea, or resting in a comfortable chair—summer showers and winds cannot spoil the moment and drive you indoors. You will get much more fresh air—and sunshine—the whole year round. And be healthier for it! The design illustrated is B.463, but there are many designs—all can be made to revolve. Easy terms can be arranged.

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"EXCUSE ME! I'VE TAKEN
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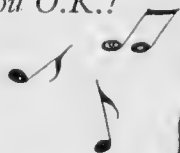
It tones up the liver, it sure is a giver
Of health in its own sparkling way.

For it's grand! Effervescent!

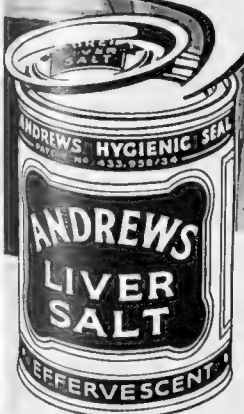
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It gives INNER CLEANLINESS—

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Inner Cleanliness!



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6gns
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ready to wear

TAILORED *Tonic*



SUCCESS will undoubtedly accompany these Hershelle suits, as they are original in aspect and admirably cut and tailored. It must be mentioned that they have made their début sponsored by Bernstein, of 9 Great Titchfield Street, W., who will send the name and addresses of their summer residences. The suit on the left is of linen trimmed with braid. This conceit is a wonderful help to the figure. The vest blouse of crêpe de Chine picks up the colour of the coat and skirt. The model on the right is of a new fabric which has amusingly been christened "parallels." The skirt has a black ground with white stripes, while the state of affairs is reversed on the coat. Not illustrated are smart affairs consisting of a short-sleeved lumber blouse, moderately flared skirt, and a wrist-length, multi-coloured top coat. Of course there are long top coats which bear the name of Hershelle

Picture by Blake

patterned to flatter

a summer season

away with dull care — let colour and design hold sway — the summer season demands a light heart and a lilting spirit.

so fashion finds inspiration in the glad, brave prints of 1939. bold stripes, flaunting flowers, intricate patterns — these are the most talked-of, the most fascinating models — these are the corot contribution to the sunny season — embodied in the collection now being shown.



(above, left) flattery of print and plain—but this time the amusingly printed coat goes over a perfectly tailored, and plain sheer dress, and both show gay and youthful swing skirts. **10½ gns.**

(above, right) casual, informal, significantly popular, the bolero ensemble is a "headliner" indeed. here, a vivid print makes the blouse, effectively contrasting monotone crêpe of skirt and bolero. **6 gns.**

(at right) the "tzigane"—most important of the new fashions! a gipsy dinner dress in romany-striped taffeta and sheer crêpe, promising the luckiest of futures! **7½ gns.**



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A Floor for Women—Run by Women

CONFESSIONS OF A COIFFEUR

and my practised eye watched her hair as she ran the comb through it with a beautifully jewelled hand.

"That is charming of you Monsieur Georges," she replied, "my husband said the same thing when we were married last year, but not so nicely, although he is a diplomat."

When I left the cubicle I called the assistant who had been attending her.

"Redfern," I said "if ever that lady wants a *postiche*, remember that we make the best in the world—and give her one better! Give her—"

"But, Monsieur," Redfern interrupted, "we made her one three years ago. She is wearing it now!"

And it was so. My creation, '*La Naturelle*' had given this lady hair as beautiful and as charming as her character and as young as her heart. She had paid me some 15 or 18 guineas for it. Like so many others she had used my '*Times*' instalment system and the addresses from which her cheques had come showed that my transformation had beguiled people in the capitals of Europe. It had become so much a living part of her that it had deceived even me!

In my office there was a letter addressed in a feminine hand:—

Maison Georges,

40, Buckingham Palace Road,

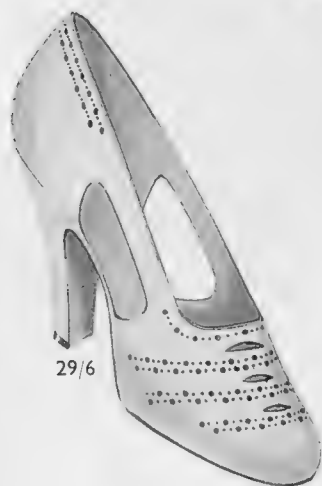
London, S.W. 1.

I deal with all letters. Mine is a position of confidence. Inside was a formal request for my brochure. I sent one to the unknown lady.

Maybe, I think, her hair has never responded and expressed her personality. Maybe she has heard my saying that a woman without a distinctive coiffure is like a rose without perfume. She wants, possibly, one of the modern Edwardian styles or wishes, perhaps, to remain young for her children. Whatever the reason, I know that my brochure is a passport to romance.

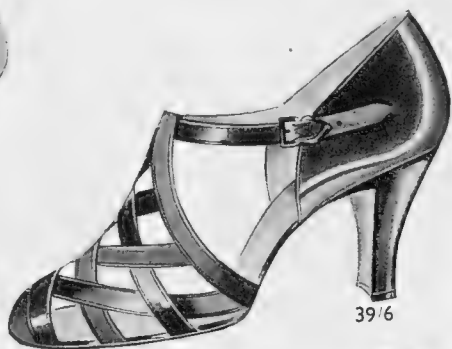
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Picture by Blake



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Note refinements in this close-up of the above Juvena Empire Model 9012/13 in art. silk, peach white or sky with gaily dotted embroidered lace. Vest 4/11d, short pantie 3/11d.



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An attractive bolero of navy linen edged with rose and trimmed with ivory ric-rac braid, over a gown of ivory linen which has stitched gores emphasizing its youthful line. Average sizes. 8½ Gns.

A navy crepe coat with semi-fitted line covers one of the new shirt waist gowns. The gown has short sleeves and inlet belt and pockets of the blue crepe to match coat. Also in black/white. Average sizes. 11½ Gns.

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OLIVE OIL LIPSTICK
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★ ★ ★
The famous Outdoor Girl olive oil face Powder is blended to match Lipstick, Cream Rouge and Nail Gloss shades.

*The Liveliest Lipstick
in Town*



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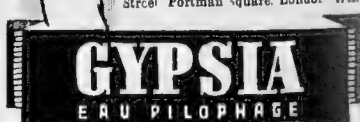
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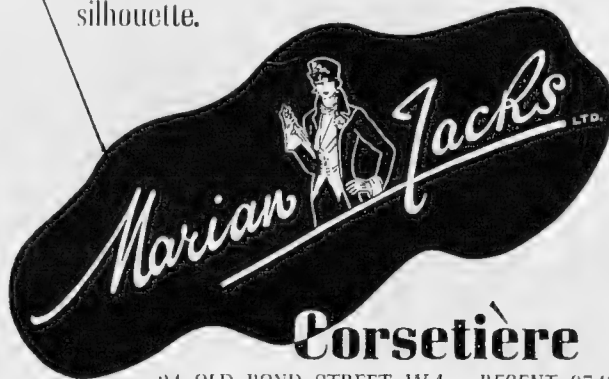
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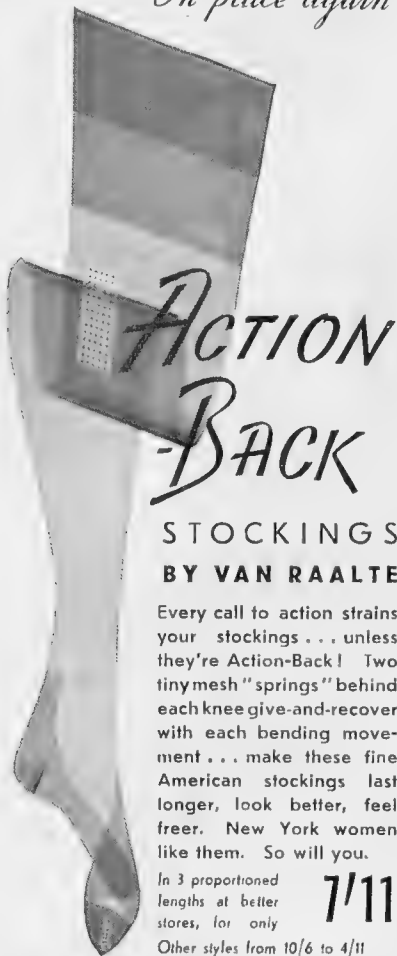
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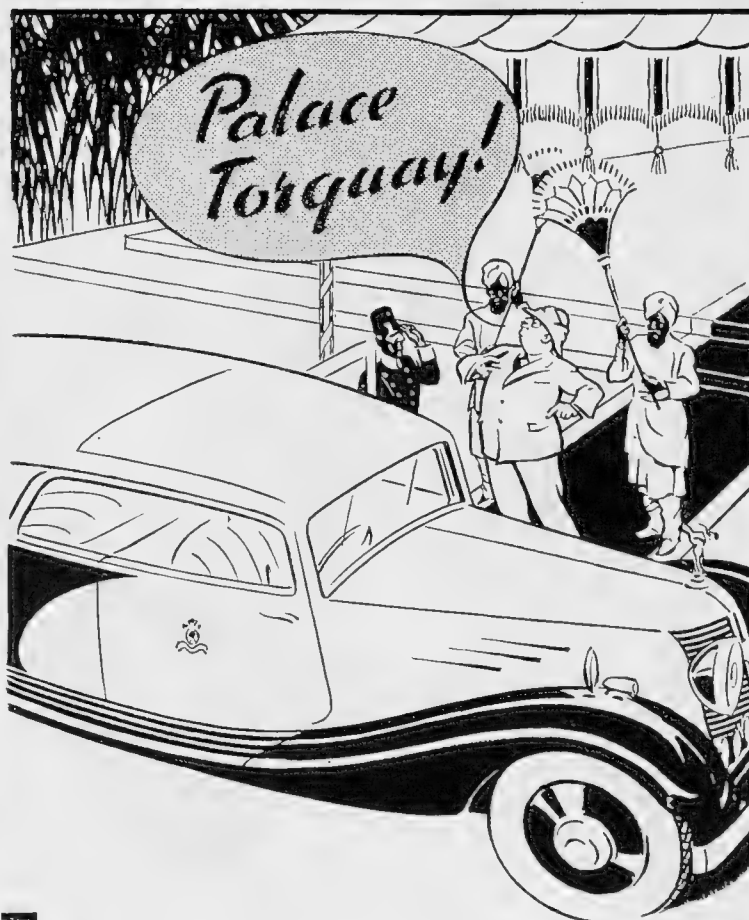
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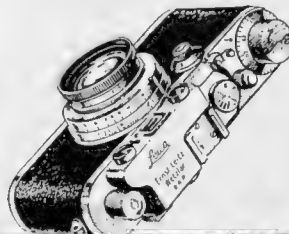
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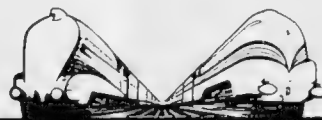
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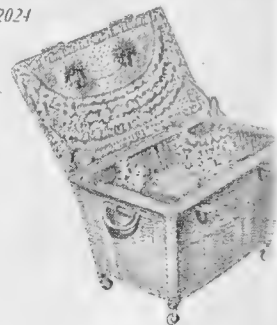
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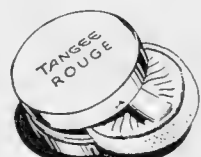
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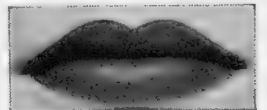
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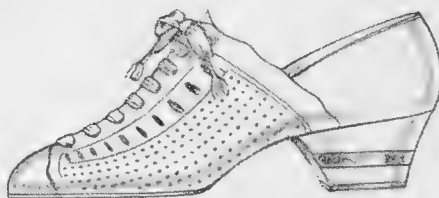
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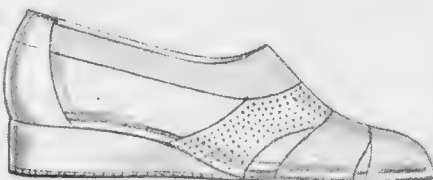


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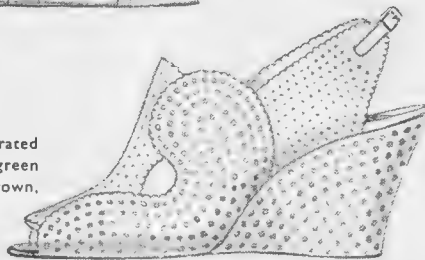
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